

THAT "GLOOMY SHORE"

Around the Lake of Glendalough,
Where St. Kevin Formerly
Made His Bed, Described
by Miss Banim.

The Bold Escape of Gallant Michael
Dwyer, When Tracked to
His Lair.

GLENDALOUGH.

Even this isolated vale did not escape the ravages of the Danes, who frequently plundered and burned the city in the ninth and tenth centuries, nor did the English spare it. Under the date 1398, "Glendalough was burned by the English," is one of the terse entries in the annals of Ireland. It is said that even at the present day the charred remains of the wooden houses which were burned by the invader on these occasions are sometimes dug up by the husbandmen in tilling the land around the Seven Churches. From the fourteenth century Glendalough gradually fell into decay. The city disappeared, the churches became ruins; the Irish chieftains were overpowered, the stranger got the land; the penal times came, and—slowly, surely—as in other such places throughout the country—desolation and loneliness set tied down on that lovely valley. But, even after the lapse of 1,800 years, the traditions of St. Kevin and his followers are cherished and held sacred among the people—broken fragments, like the ruins of his Seven Churches—that number whose use is so frequent in many countries, but is especially common in Ireland, because, says the pious Christian, seven must be a sacred number since God chose the seventh day for himself and made it holy. There is at the Seven Churches a beautiful tradition connected with this number. The old woman who sells little tokens of curious minerals, spars, etc., found here, will tell how all who are buried in that holy graveyard are saved, St. Kevin having prayed that no soul should be lost whose body rests in the ground he blessed; at the Last Day seven times as many as lie interred in the place will be saved, and for seven miles around all the land is consecrated.

It is a long pilgrimage to visit all the remains that are to be seen—to explore the whole beauties of the glen and its neighborhood it would take at least a week.

At the foot of Broccagh, and just before entering the ancient city gates, two roads branch right and left; that to the right skirts the northern edge of the lakes, and is that generally taken first, so as to commence the pilgrimage with the upper lake and St. Kevin's famous cell. Just a little way in the meadow, St. Kevin's bridge path, marked by its crosses, follows the road for a while, then goes right across the vale—anciently called

—and points out the route through a gap between Lugduff and Derrybawn. There are a few very miserable cabins grouped together on the roadside; in these live all that remain of the laborers who, a few years ago, thronged the vale when the lead mines were in full work and gave employment to a good many people. The usual word "foreign competition" is the answer when anyone asks why these works failed. There are numerous pretty little dwellings scattered along the lake side and on the slope of Camaderry. These were inhabited by the overseers and others of the Mining Company's officers, but are now idle, and would, we were assured lately, be let for a trifle to anyone wanting a summer lodge in this exquisite spot. The drawback is that one would have to live principally upon fish and scenery, but, after all, these are very good food for a month or so, and the free fishing in the mountain lakes and streams is abundant; one need only ascertain which are the enchanted trout, in order to avoid them. I think they are the trout in Lake Nahanagan, and they utter piteous cries when hooked. This is upon the word and honor of Pat Barrett—I never heard them, but he did.

By the lake is a cosy looking thatched cottage that in days gone by was the Glen Hotel, and saw Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott, and many a distinguished visitor in the days when people had happier minds, lighter hearts, and simpler tastes than in these times, when we travel less like thinking beings than spoiled children, looking everywhere for luxuries and soft ease, and unable without them to see any of the natural loveliness that of itself ought to teach us how to value real rather than artificial tastes.

Not far from the cottage a boat is in waiting, and we set sail with the assurance from guide and boatman that no woman can be drowned in the lake, for that St. Kevin, in sorrow for having thrown Kathleen into the water, prayed that it might be so. On our visit I was relieved to find that this was our guide's sole allusion to that tiresome legend, so out of keeping with the whole real history of the place. He let Kathleen rest in peace, and so will I. I'm tired of her! But not of the lonely beauty of the scene.

What pictures come before one's mind while being rowed across the lake, where no sound is ever heard now except the roar of a storm in winter, the cry of the dwarf eagle feeding her young on the crag high over the ruined church on that

little ledge of rock, or the voice of Macalla (son of the cliff), the echo through whose medium "cead mille failthes" galore are showered upon each stranger that comes within his domain. It is a very perfect echo; from the boat the guides voice rings out loud, distinct, and musical; there is a moment's pause, and then, sweetly and clearly, like a human voice answering from the heights of Camaderry, each sentence is repeated.

In a few minutes we are right under the famous cliff in which St. Kevin had his bed when he retired to his solitary rock each Lent, and here spent the forty holy days in prayer and meditation. Ninety feet above the water in the face of the cliff, is a small, nearly square aperture; this is St. Kevin's bed, accessible only by a little ledge that communicates with an adjacent recess in the rock—the latter called St. Kevin's chair, from a rude seat in the interior, where the holy man prayed and meditated each evening before retiring to rest in his hard bed.

The ascent is very trying to nervous people, although the guide who sits all day above waiting for visitors (and who has spent seven years with the fairies, the Lord between us and all harm), skips lightly up and down from his perch to the water's edge, or from the chair into the bed, and both he and Pat Barrett use every possible argument to convince one that it is impossible they could allow the smallest accident to happen—"sure, it would entirely injure the place." Still, as I did not go provided with a leather belt with a rope attached, not even the assurance that "a lady of ninety was up three days ago," could induce me to mount that perpendicular cliff and tempt a westerly grave, even though in possession of a very ancient and curious cross, whose story is connected with this very spot. More than half a century ago an old gentleman, who was said to have a fund of antiquarian knowledge in connection with

THIS LOCALITY, gave to a member of our family this rudely formed cross of yew, apparently as hard as iron; it is made of a bit of wood snapped across and joined with a little wooden rivet. The tradition bequeathed with it is that it was found in Kevin's bed in ancient times, and was considered to have been used by the Saint himself while praying; that no house in which it is deposited can be burned, and no person carrying it while on water can be drowned. "St. Kevin's" is rudely scratched on the wood. Of course there is no way of knowing what truth, if any, there is in the tradition of its having been in the possession of the holy Abbot himself, but the same legend has always attached to the wood of the celebrated yew tree planted by the Saint, and of which portions yet remained in Glendalough up to twenty years ago. Many of the peasantry around have reverently preserved scraps of the wood, but the last of the tree was selfishly carried off long ago by wealthy people in the neighborhood, to make household ornaments—in Derrybawn House there is a drawing-room table made entirely of the sacred tree. The yew was, in former times, planted in cemeteries and abbey grounds as a memorial of eternity, on account of the age to which these trees live and the wonderful durability of the wood. Even though the little cross is jagged at the end, where originally snapped across, the smallest chip has never broken off within the fifty years or so that it is in our family, yet it has always been exposed to the air.

St. Kevin's bed was the scene of an exciting "rebel chase" a few years after the rebellion of '48, when Michael Dwyer, with a little band of his brave followers, took refuge in the wild glens and passes of these Wicklow mountains. So daring were the patriot chief and his men, and so faithful to them were the peasantry around, that for five years they kept the hardest of the

ENGLISH SOLDIERY at bay. Keeping out of sight when hunted the outlaws made dashing and successful raids upon their enemies at most unexpected times and places, and such was the admiration their courage and daring excited that it is said even the soldiers of one Highland regiment became as eager as the Irish to save them, and frequently sent information of some intended movement for their capture. A large reward was offered in vain for the head of Michael Dwyer; no traitor was found among the Wicklow people to sell their patriot. Hunted close upon one occasion, Dwyer gained Glendalough and sought refuge in St. Kevin's bed, to which there is access by a steep and dangerous way along the cliffs of Lugduff. But the soldiers were on his track; the Highlanders discovered the secret pass and clambered after, securing the man of their man. Dwyer heard a warning whistle from the side of Camaderry, started to the opening of the cave, and, just as the soldiers believed they had their prey trapped and caged, with one bound he flung himself into the lake and escaped safely to the opposite shore.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Free Press.*

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Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to behold the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A SPARKLING LETTER.

Charming Description of Mountain
Scenery by a Youthful Correspondent of "The Citizen."

The Glory of the Colorado Sierras.

[To the Editor.]

You will remember in Xenophon's description of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and, when, after having traversed many passages of the inhospitable desert, they beheld the blue waters of the Mediterranean and shouted in one glad chorus "The sea! the sea!"

While my journey from Chicago to the Bitter Root Valley was not by any means through the desert, yet—to one not accustomed to long trips—it was of sufficient length to make me feel glad as the soldiers of Cyrus when I arrived at the base of Mount Haggin in western Montana.

Under certain conditions a journey to the northwest is an exceedingly pleasant thing, but when one has to go it alone and with the prospect of not returning in the immediate future, the scenery and novelty lose half their interest, and you "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." Separation from friends—tried and true—is under any circumstances sad, but when to that is added the uncertainty of a reunion it becomes doubly so indeed. Most of the good and noble deeds of men through life arise from disinterested friendship, and when its links are weakened by absence and other causes, humanity is so much the loser thereby.

The shortest way to the Bitter Root mountain country is by the Northern Pacific Railway, but as I wished to see some of the mountain scenery of Colorado and Utah, I took the southern route. And it is glorious. From Denver to Salt Lake City by the D. & R. G. R. Y., through the Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass and the Black Canon is one continuous scene of matchless grandeur and sublimity.

In traversing southern Nebraska between the Missouri river and Colorado, the tenderfoot is lost in wonder at the vast extent of prairie land which rolls in one vast sweep to the foot hills of the Rockies. Time was when the Indian roamed these plains "monarch of all he surveyed," and the pale face had cast his hateful shadow on the land. But the march of civilization has crushed his hopes forever. He has retreated from the plains to the mountains, and from the mountains to the government reservations a mere shadow of his former power—an ignoble ending to a proud and courageous life of a crafty and merciless race.

Living continuously in Illinois for nearly a decade of years, I shall never forget the delightful sensation I experienced on first viewing the Rocky mountains. It was early morning, and with a serene and cloudless sky the sun bounded up from the east and bathed the snowy peaks before us with a grand and dazzling brilliancy. Half way up the heights small fleecy clouds rested peacefully, forming a lovely contrast to the blue outline of the hills, while here and there a gorge or ravine lay like the dark and gloomy portals to some subterranean world within. To the immediate left lay Denver, the "Queen City of the plains" bathed in the warm sunshine, her many spires and pinnacles jutting gracefully into the clear sky, her avenues rich in forest foliage and redolent with the sweet scent of summer flowers. It is without doubt one of the most beautifully located inland cities on the American continent, and during the last five years especially has made very rapid progress both in population and in commerce. Leaving Denver on the 8 p.m. train I requested the "Pullman" porter to call me when we arrived at the entrance to the "Royal" gorge, or as it is sometimes called, the grand canon. It was about 3 a.m. when he gave me the desired information, and I immediately prepared myself to get as good a view as was possible under the circumstances. I had frequently heard of the grandeur and sublimity of the canons of Colorado, but when I saw the Royal in the gray of dawn with the flash of morning on the jagged peaks above, and the sombre shadow of night in the gorge below, with the Arkansas river tearing madly along on its south easterly course, I thought how poor and unimpressive are words to convey an adequate idea of such stupendous and awe inspiring scenes.

In years gone by I had often stood on the cliffs of Moher, and watched the mighty Atlantic billows as they thundered into the caverns a thousand feet beneath, and heard the hoarse murmur of the waves as it mingled with the wild cries of myriad sea birds, but it was with a feeling akin to reverence and awe. There a stranger would, in admiration, inquire "what sea, what shore is this?" Here one could only look at the towering walls of perpendicular and overhanging rock on either side and in solemn silence wonder at the marvelous work of nature's hands. Leaving the Royal gorge we followed the windings of the Arkansas for several miles until we reached the next station, where we indulged in a delicious epicurean breakfast of mountain trout and other delicacies. Here also preparations were made for the ascent to the Marshall Pass. The train was divided into two sections and two engines were attached to each. The ascent was comparatively slow—about ten miles an hour—but the road lay now on the edge of a precipice, and again on a small plateau, and continued thus

until we halted on the very summit of the pass nearly 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. We rested here for a few moments to view the gorgeous mountain scenery that lay stretched, a grand natural panorama, as far as the eye could reach. The atmosphere was clear, cool and considerably rarified by reason of the great elevation. Everywhere one could see long patches of snow glistening in the mid-day sun, the union of the season—summer and winter—December slumbering on the breast of July.

I espied a "sma" wee crimson flower" in solitary loveliness on the Pass, plucked it gently from its mountain home, and when I arrived at Salt Lake City, sent it over the "great divide" to another flower that sweetly blooms by the sparkling waters of Michigan, a token alike of friendship and kindly remembrance.

Towards the afternoon of the same day we passed through the Black Canyon. The D. & R. G. officials had an open car attached to the rear of the train, so that the passengers were in a position to obtain a full view of this remarkable scene. It is about fifteen miles long from end to end, and has the same characteristics as the Grand Canyon, except that in the latter there is far less vegetation with higher and more precipitous sides. We had the extreme felicity of having "on board" a small party of English tourists, and if they were not very much in love with our democratic form of government, they at least expressed themselves delighted with the grandeur of Colorado scenery, the equal of which, they all declared, they had never seen.

Our next stop over was at Salt Lake City, the new Jerusalem of Latter Day Saints, the citadel of the late lamented Brigham Young, and the Mecca of every polygamously inclined mortal since its foundation exactly forty-three years ago. Salt Lake City has a population of considerable size, and is a lively and thriving city. The great Salt Lake itself is eighteen miles from the city and is almost one hundred miles long by forty wide. Its waters are seventeen per cent salt, and are exceedingly unpleasant to taste, but when one is obliged—through accident—to swallow a mouthful it becomes exceedingly distressing indeed.

The principal places of interest around the city are the Mormon Tabernacle, capable of accommodating 10,000 people; The Temple—yet unfinished; The Assembly Hall, The Hot Sulphur Springs and Fort Douglas. The acoustic properties of The Tabernacle are simply marvelous. One can hear a small pin drop on a table from a height of ten inches and at a distance of very nearly 300 feet. The Temple was commenced in the year 1853, and is built exclusively of granite. Some of this granite was taken from a quarry 23 miles distant, and one stone at a time Utah is gone. While the still wild strong influence throughout the territory has been gradually weakened by Gentile immigration, and, as a consequence, rendered less powerful day by day, Mormonism did not come to stay. Its principles and policy are alike repugnant to the genius of the nineteenth century, and it is only a question of a short time when it must succumb to the enlightened spirit of the times.

From Salt Lake City we steered northward to Ogden, and thence to Pocatello, in Idaho. Here I saw several Indians with their squaws and ragged children loitering about the depot, curiously eyeing the passengers and seemingly indifferent to everything around them. I wondered if these Indians were beggars gentlemen at large, paupers living on the people through congressional appropriations, or mortals in whose "lexicon" there was no such word as work. At all events they seemed a sorry lot, and we did not gain from them any idea of the glory and greenness of the red man.

From Idaho, through Beaver Canyon to Moenabo, is not particularly interesting and we were glad when we arrived at Butte City, the greatest mining camp on earth. It is by far the liveliest town in the whole state of Montana. It is built on a bare, desolate-looking hill side in a very irregular manner, and I was anything but impressed with its beauty. No trees, no grass, no shrubbery, no flowers, nothing but dust and stone. We left Butte City in the evening and continued our journey still further north and west until at last we safely reached our destination. Of this place, whence I write, I shall say nothing. I prefer to be silent, because I cannot flatter. Suffice it to say that it is not Chicago. There is only one Chicago in the world, one place where you can time the pulse of civilization and feel how sweet it is to live. Yours truly,

"JIM MOORE."

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CATHAL MORE.

He of "the Wine-Red Hand," and the
History of His Life, Times
and Romantic Experiences.

The Ancient Castle of the Royal O'Connors at Ballinaboy, County Mayo.

The ruins of Ballinaboy Castle are among the most magnificent in Connacht, and are memorable as the last stronghold of the O'Connors. The castle, which stands on an elevated ridge by the roadside, above the little village of Ballinaboy, four miles from the town of Castlebar, consists of a quadrangular enclosure, 370 feet in length and 230 feet in breadth, with four flanking towers, and one upon each side of the great entrance, the whole surrounded by a deep fosse, portions of which still retain water. There are two localities of this name in Connacht—Ballinaboy and Phaidraig, the town of the Well of St. Patrick, in Mayo, and Ballinaboy and Phaidraig, that of St. Bridget, now under consideration. This place is, among other things, memorable as the birthplace of the celebrated Cathal Crovederg, or "Charles the Red Handed," the illegitimate son of Turlough-More O'Connor, the brother of Roderick, and last of the Irish monarchs. About this prince who was born in the latter end of the twelfth century—and who, says the "Ulster Annals," was "the best Irishman, from the time of Brian Boroma, for gentility and honor; the upholder, mighty and puissant, of the country; keeper of peace; rich and excellent"—there are many romantic tales and superstitious legends still lingering with the people in the vicinity, which, were they woven into a novel, would far surpass most modern works of fiction. When we have a novelist not only acquainted with Irish history and antiquities, but possessing the power of fusing the ancient legend with the drama of modern life and impulse, making the feelings that influence the lover or the hero subservient to the chronicle, picturing the past through the knowledge of the human heart at the present—then, and then only, will Irish history be known and appreciated. Cathal of the Red Hand was the son of a beautiful girl of very small stature, named Geargog Ny-Moran, of the Mullah territory. When the queen heard what had occurred, she, like Sarah of old, commenced a bitter persecution of the king's mistress, and had, as was customary at the time, recourse to witchcraft and sorcery to prolong the sufferings of the unhappy girl. Like Juno, before the birth of Hercules, the queen, with the assistance of a noted witch, set a charm, consisting of a bundle of alder rods, tied with a magic string, knotted with nine knots. This she hung up in her chamber and watched with great care. Strategem, however, achieved what humanity could not induce. The queen, while walking on the terrace, was accosted by a female (the midwife disguised), who entreated alms for a poor woman who had just been confined in the neighboring village. On hearing who it was, she was so enraged that she instantly rushed to her apartment and cut the charm into pieces. The spell was broken, and the bondswoman's child was born. For several years after, Geargog and her son were protected from the jealous fury of the queen by the people; and both were long harbored in the monasteries of Connacht. As time went on, however, the church was insufficient against the wrath of the offended queen, and Cathal was obliged to flee to a distant province, where, in the garb of a peasant, he supported himself by manual labor. At length the King of Connacht died, and the people declared they would have no monarch but his son, Cathal Crovederg, if he could be found. Heralds were sent forth, and proclamations issued, according to the fashion of the times, yet still no tidings of the elected king. One day, as harvest was drawing to its close, a "Bollacaire," or herald, from the court of Ballinaboy, entered a field in Leinster, where some of the peasantry were at work reaping rye, and told the oft repeated tale of the missing monarch of Connacht. Cathal, who was among the reapers, heard the story, and stood for some minutes lost in reverie. He then, removing the cover which he always concealed the mark, held up the red hand, and, throwing down the reaping hook, exclaimed, "San leath a corraile anois do'n clodasam"—"I, a 'Farewell sickle; now for the sword!" The Bollacaire, recognising him, both he and the men who were along with him in the field prostrated themselves before him, and proclaimed him King of Connacht. He was afterwards crowned at Carnivee, near Tulsk, by the chieftains and the coarb, of St. Murray, and "Cathal's Farewell to the Rye" is a proverb and an air still well known in Roscommon and Galway.

In the southern wall, which is only divided by a moat from the adjoining road, there are a number of large and oval apertures, which, from their being nearly closed with ivy of immense growth, look, at first view, like windows. Such, however, they were not. Their history is well known to a few of the old people in the neighborhood, and is connected with a circumstance so little known that we cannot forbear relating it here.

About the end of the last century, the family of O'Connor, of Dun, the lineal descendants of the Connacht monarchs, consisted of Dominick O'Connor, of Cloona, who lived in princely style, and his brothers, Thomas and Alexander, besides

some females. In the year 1788, a will said to have been made by Hugh O'Connor, an ancestor of this line, was discovered, accidentally between the leaves of a card table, which had been screwed together for a great number of years, and had lain among the effects of the late Lord Atterbury. This document, from which it appeared that the castle and estate of Ballinaboy, which had long before passed from the O'Connor family, had not been included in the original confiscation of their estates, by some means found its way into the hands of Alexander O'Connor, a man of eccentric habits, and not over-strong mental capacity, who resided in a poor cabin at a place called Creglaghan, who was, till the day of his death, which took place at a very advanced age, called by the people "Maister Sandy." This man, though dressed little better than a peasant, and living in the fashion which we have described, was looked up to by the people as a prince of the royal line of Roderick, the last monarch of Ireland, and he was certainly descended from Cathal Crovederg, his son. Sandy determined to profit by the circumstances of the will; and taking advantage of the lawless and disturbed condition of the country at the time, and his remote position from the seat of government and power, collected in a few days an undisciplined armed mob—and took possession of Ballinaboy Castle, which he commenced to fortify, and even procured one or two cannons, which he placed at the entrance. They drove the neighboring castle within the enclosure, set up a still-house, gave the "hight of good living" to all the pipers and fiddlers that came to them, and ate, drank, danced, and caroused for some weeks, until the attention of the government was directed to the circumstance by the matter being discussed in the Irish house of commons, when troops and a park of artillery were sent down to dislodge the insurgent chief. Upon the news of their approach, O'Connor and his followers immediately fled; but the army having arrived within cannon shot of the castle, and seeing it deserted, fired some shots at it from the neighboring eminence of Ballinaboy Hill. It was these shots which made the apertures to which we have alluded.—*United Ireland.*

THE SAILING TO BERMUDA.

After R. Kipling. E. J. Laureatus Tommils Akins.

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Tommy-on-Parade.
"To blow 'em out—'em out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so glum, so glum?" said Tommy-on-Parade.
"I'm thinkin' of their orders," the Color-Sergeant said.

"For they're shippin' to Bermuda of the British Grenadiers,
To stay a-weedin' outins for two bloomin' weary years—
An' when I 'ear the women I 'ave to stop my ears—
For the Grenadiers are sailin' to Bermuda."

"What's that the band is playin' now?" said Tommy-on-Parade.
"The Girl I Left Behind Me," said the Color-Sergeant said.

"Why don't they play 'The Grenadier!' said Tommy-on-Parade.
"They'll play no 'Grenadiers' today," the Color-Sergeant said.

"For the Grenadiers are sailin' to their punishment today.
An' the Queen 'as took to bed of it, I 'eard the Colonel say.
An' I'd rather 'ear the Judgment 'Orn than 'ear the bugles play
For the Grenadiers are sailin' to Bermuda."

"What's that a-whisperin' in the air?" said Tommy-on-Parade.
"The shame of it, the blame of it," the Color-Sergeant said.

"It's blowin' blowin' out to sea," said Tommy-on-Parade.
"The shame of it goes every where," the Color-Sergeant said.

"They are sent on foreign service an' the Widder's sick with shame
To think her Grenadiers would go an' lose their own good name—
But there's work to do at Whitehall for the soddar, just the same,
While the Grenadiers are sailin' to Bermuda."

W. A. M. J.

—N. Y. Sun.

Mother and Child Released from Jail.
At the Carlow assizes, on July 13, Mrs. Murphy was indicted for taking forcible possession of her house in Hacketstown, from which she had been evicted some time ago. She had been remanded several times awaiting her trial, and as she declined to give bail, suffered as many terms of imprisonment. As she was nursing an infant both mother and child went to jail together. She spent two of those terms in Wexford prison, where she was visited by the Mayor. On the last occasion she was sent to Waterford prison. When the case came before the judge at Carlow, it was defended by Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., who, when the case for the Crown closed, addressing the jury, said it was unnecessary for him to appeal to the sympathy of the jury for his client, as the case for the crown had completely broken down. The Chief Baron spoke in anything but complimentary terms of the manner in which the crown had presented the case, and, after brief deliberation the jury acquitted the prisoner. Mrs. Murphy's return to Hacketstown was hailed with great rejoicing. The brass band turned out and tar barrels blazed to welcome her.

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Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Uile Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Cloughogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEMESIS.

"This way, Jervis," said Col. Montfort, as, hurrying from his quarters, he led the way for his guest to the guard room where the recaptured prisoner was—much to the sailor's discomfort.

"May a cyclone whirl me to Ould Davy!" said the latter energetically as he barked his shins against an iron hand rail, "if this is not running under a heavy sou'easter with a nor'east wind on the larboard. Where are you bringing me to?"

"Come along, Captain; you'll soon know all about it. I am sorry to discommodate you, but you will see the reason presently."

"I hope so," said the Captain rather doubtfully, "this seems running under heavy sail for no purpose."

Out of the darkness of the barrack square they presently emerged into the brightness of the guard room.

"And so you are here again, prisoner?" said the Colonel addressing Kevin, who sat, surrounded with armed men, gazing into the fire.

"I am here again," said the latter standing up as he heard the words addressed to him.

"Well, I am glad to see it and sorry to see it," said the Colonel; "glad to know that the law cannot be outraged with impunity; sorry to see one so young and—"

—interesting—in your position."

The Colonel was about to say innocent, but he checked himself.

"I did not seek the position," said Kevin quietly, but firmly; "it has been forced on me. I cannot help it. I am not the first who suffered innocently, nor shall I, I suppose, be the last."

The consciousness that the last chance for life had been hazarded and failed, made him, if not reckless, strong and purposeful. Of purpose full to die, resolutely and firmly.

"I repeat again I am sorry for it. But if—"

"Why! may a storm strike me!" said Captain Jervis in energetic fashion urging his way to the front, and very nearly elbowing the Colonel aside, "this is not my fellow passenger on the raft—is it?"

"Captain Jervis!" cried Kevin in wild surprise, as the former extended his tanned and browned hand; and, making an attempt to respond thereto, found himself checked by the handcuffs.

"Ay, the same, my lad, and glad to see you. At least I would," said the honest Captain as with some embarrassment he withdrew his hand, when he saw the bound condition of the other, "if the cable was not wound round you in this way."

"It cannot be helped, Captain; but I am glad to see you at any rate."

"Not half as glad as I am to see you. But what is the meaning of all this? You have not been ringleading a mutiny—have you?"

"No, I haven't," said Kevin, the hearty brusqueness of the sailor evoking a smile even out of his hopeless condition.

"For refusing to go aloft?"

"No."

"And what are you here for?"

"Whatever it is, for, Captain, I'm here, and it can't be helped or undone."

"Can't be helped?" said the Captain in honest indignation. "It can be helped, and it must be helped! An able-bodied seaman and a willing hand—ready and able to do his duty—is not to be put in irons for nothing. If the vessel were to sink me, cargo and all—if I would!"

"When did you happen to come here?" asked Kevin quietly, as he saw the honest Captain was about to burst forth into another piece of angry but useless declamation.

"Not an hour ago. Came quite by accident. But if I had known how you were I would have come a thousand miles."

Kevin hung his head slightly at the undoubted burst of sympathy.

"Ay, a thousand miles, my lad. You saved my life when the sea ran mountains high in Biscay. Ay, when a porpoise could hardly float and live. And I'll see if I can't repay the good turn."

"It's more than I can repay," said the Colonel whispering in his ear, "or not here at least. Another time you may speak. There is a different duty to be done at present."

"What is it?" inquired the Captain shortly.

"To sign this; his recommendation to the jail," said the Colonel, smoothing over the table before him a large square of foolscap which one of the jail officials had presented to him. "That is my business, and not an agreeable one."

"I am sorry to see it."

"I am sure you are. I am not overjoyed at it myself, but duty must be done—"

What!—what is this uproar for? Who makes this noise?" asked the Colonel angrily, as he raised his form erect to the act of signing the document, whilst a hurried rush of tramping feet broke the silence and quietude of the guard room.

"Who presumes to intrude thus?"

"Is Col. Montfort here?" asked a stranger entering hurriedly.

"Yes, I am Col. Montfort," said the officer angrily and haughtily. "What is the reason of this untoward intrusion, and at this time of night?"

newly appointed regimental surgeon to this station."

"And I should think, sir, that, even so, you might announce your coming in more seemly fashion, and at more reasonable hour."

"The manner nor the hour is not of my seeking, as I think you will admit when you hear my story."

"Your story!" said the Colonel starting somewhat vacantly. "Your story! What story have you to tell?"

"Your question is natural enough," said the Doctor, "but I have been some hours in Ireland—in Athlone—"

His statement vanished with surprise as his eyes fell on the convict.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel somewhat testily as the other broke off his statement thus abruptly, "what of that? A residence of five hours in Ireland, or even in Athlone, does not warrant one in breaking the rules of discipline or common sense after this fashion. We may be barbarians, but there are some rules of civilization to guide us."

"Excuse me, Colonel," said the young gentleman, "I need the aid of a magistrate to take information, and you are the only one at hand. Time is pressing—is very pressing. Were it otherwise I should not have intruded myself in this unseemly fashion."

"What need?—what pressing need?" asked the Colonel.

But the doctor drew him aside, and without delay poured a hurried discourse into his ear.

At the first words the Colonel's testiness and impatience ceased; the next moment he grew deeply interested; and before the Doctor had completed his statement the expression on his face grew into one of great and startled surprise.

"Where?" said he finally, as the other's whispering ceased.

"About five miles from here."

"Then there is not a moment to be lost!"

"Not a second."

The Colonel stooped down once more to the convict, and said: "Take him away. See that he is carefully secured!" Then to the sailor, "I must trespass on your good nature something more of your dear Captain. This night seems one of surprises. Get on your feet before us. It is for your friend the convict," whispered he in explanation, "his life and freedom depend on our haste."

That was quite enough for the sailor. He did not clearly understand the matter; but the intimation conveyed in the last few words was clear enough, and with cheerful alacrity, he at once proclaimed himself ready.

Meanwhile the Doctor had good naturedly got mixed up with the guard who were shutting off the prisoner on his way to his cell again, and with a whispered earnestness that sent a new strength to the convict's heart, said:

"Don't be downhearted. This night is a stranger one than that in the Rue de Seine. Sleep soundly."

The next moment the clank of the guard was heard passing away through the flagged corridors, whilst the Colonel, bending over the table, wrote in the guard book whether he was going and where he should be found if any of his officers wanted him. Then doctor, colonel, and sea captain, thus strongly brought together, passed out into the night, and mounting the car that awaited them were being whirled as fast as whip and mettle could drive them to that little ruined cabin, under the oak trees by the frowning Shannon, of which we wot so much of late.

They had not been long gone, the ink on the guard book was hardly dry, the sergeant for the night had scarcely seated himself in his chair before the fire and taken up the paper to read, when the rapid tramp of horses' hoofs was heard in the paved yard outside, and the rider jumping off, hurried into the guard room, his heavy riding boots and spurs making multitudinous echoes on the stone floor.

"No one here? Where is Colonel Montfort?"

"Gone out, Lieutenant," said the sergeant quickly, alert, and standing with his hand at salute.

"Gone out! Where?"

"This is his writing," said the sergeant, pointing to the guard book. "He wrote it himself, not ten minutes ago."

"To—Where the devil is the place?" asked the officer in impatient hot haste.

"I don't know more than you see."

"Who knows?"

"I can't tell. I don't know."

"Who went with him?"

"The new regimental doctor."

"What?"

"The new doctor."

"The doctor! When did he come?"

"Not ten minutes ago!"

"Good God! The two men of all others in this world I want. How shall I—where shall I—find them?"

"If you gallop hard you may overtake them."

"Ay, but how? in what direction? Who can guide me?"

"The corporal, outside, perhaps."

"Does he know?"

"He may."

"All right, send him in at once. God bless me! What a time it is, and how strangely things run! What a wonderful lot or is it we that make it wonderful!"

Whilst the officer was hurriedly questioning the corporal, perhaps we may tell what caused his impetuous entrance.

After Rupert Clarendon had left Orchard Cottage and got into the high road, he went very rapidly. He had fulfilled his uncomfortable mission to his satisfaction; had won over the girls to his view of the case, and to his view of the surrounding circumstances; had indeed impressed them with a sense of his entire sympathy with them and with the escaped prisoner; and much gratified with the fortunate denouement of his hateful ride, and in high spirits, galloped rapidly forward, accompanied by his troop.

The darkness of the summer night had long fallen, and they rode onward in the gloom. The clank and clatter of the horse men prevented all other sounds from being heard.

With much accompaniment of noise from jingling scabbards and horses' hoofs, they passed by the little brook where Rupert had witnessed on his arrival the interview between Murry O'Keefe and Joe; rode past the corner which had shut out the form of the young girl on that day; and cantered up the hill.

As carriage was before them on the slope as they crossed the arch of the bridge. So much they could see by the lamps, which, hidden themselves, threw their gleam forward in curious contrast with the surrounding gloom.

There was apparent, as soon as the carriage itself became apparent, some con-

fusion among the horses. Evidently the clatter of the horsemen suddenly coming on them had startled them. And following on this in rapid succession, it became manifest also that the horses had broken loose from the control of their driver, and were plunging madly forward down the hill.

For a moment Rupert looked on in amazement! The remembrance of his own terrible race thereabout came upon him!

It was clear that by some extraordinary coincidence another incident of the same desperate character was taking place. The dreadful quarry lay to them as it did to him—straight before!

Even now, whilst these thoughts flew with more than electric speed through his mind, the hoof beats of the horses that bore the carriage, speeding madly along, fell on his ears—and its whirling lights on his eyes!

The doomed occupants, whoever they were, were being swept forward to destruction!

It was not from any process of reasoning that Rupert was urged forward; it was sheer instinct born of emergency.

Driving the spurs into his horse's sides, he flew after the carriage.

If he could but overtake it—if he could but come in advance of the leader—he might be able to pull him up, throw him on his haunches, or, at worst, turn him from the straight path that led to the dreadful precipice.

Wherefore—quick as his horse could bear him—he flew forward!

The carriage lights shone before him in whirling gleams as the horses, mad and blind with fright and uncontrol, swept forward!

Urging his horse to his highest speed, he felt that he was gaining on them!

His heart rose high, and he drove the spurs into his horse's sides as he bent forward in his eagerness. Even in his breathless chase he could not help marveling how well the tearing steeds before him kept the middle of the road in the darkness. Pray heaven they might continue to keep it!

His own horse seemed to catch some of the excitement of the chase. He flew forward, with lightning speed, gaining neck by neck, until his panting nostrils were behind the back of the carriage!

A minute more Rupert was beside the occupants. He had barely time to glance at them when a breaking, crashing noise occurred in front, and on the moment a cry of deadly horror and affright burst from the open carriage, as the white face and slender form of a young girl, with a glance behind, stood upright therein—

with hands in uttermost terror thrown upward!

With the self-same promptings of instinct, Rupert bent down to his saddle; threw his arm around the slender form, and with sudden and vigorous effort, swept her onto his saddle bows. The next moment horses and carriage with a clattering of breaking glass and timbers, and an extinguishment of lights, had burst through the frail barrier and disappeared into the yawning abyss of the quarry!

With difficulty and imminent peril, Rupert holding the fainting form of the young girl with one hand, with the other reined up his steed. A second more, had he not restrained his steed, would have seen him also precipitated into the quarry.

He stood panting and breathless, utterly bewildered by the suddenness of the accident—for the whole matter had only taken a few seconds—and scarcely realizing what he had done.

The perspiration poured from his forehead, blinding his eyes, already dimmed by the sudden disappearance of the flashing lights.

"That is awful," said the Sergeant, as the troop galloping forward at their best, came to him. "They must be all killed in the quarry. Nothing living could survive that plunge."

"Who is it?" asked Rupert breathlessly.

"Sir Hardinge Hargrave, and his son."

"Sir Hardinge! My God! No."

"It is, indeed—or was—for they must be smashed to—"

"And this young lady—"

"Is Miss Hargrave. You saved her life bravely, sir, and there is no officer in the force, and no man in Ireland, could have done it but yourself."

"What will be done?" asked Rupert in horror, as he looked at the broken gates through which the carriage had been precipitated, and then at the young lady in his arms.

"Let the men dismount, and give all the assistance they can. And I am greatly afraid that won't be much."

"I fear not! Heaven help them!" said Rupert, as he thought with a shudder of his own plunge. "Give the necessary orders. Do whatever you can—and at once! What can be done for this poor girl? She is quite unconscious!"

"Small wonder," said the soldier. "Bring her to the nearest house. She will be better there than here for the present."

"Where is that?"

"As far as I know the country about here the nearest place is the house we have just left. That poor girl is in a bad way. But a second later and her eyes would never have opened in this world again."

"I believe you are right," said Rupert. "Let one of the men accompany me, the others remain to assist you."

There was no time for delay. The soldiers were quickly dismounted, their horses picketed by the roadside; whilst the soldiers improvising such lights as they could, made their way down the side of the quarry to where the horses and occupants and carriage lay crushed wreck and ruin.

Rupert, with the senseless form of Miss Lucy Hargrave in his arms, and attended by a solitary horseman, rode back to Orchard Cottage; and it was the approach that had broken in on the prayers of the sorrowful group that had gathered around the bed—whence the soul of the high-spirited and gentle youth had sped into the summer night!

With a few hurried words in explanation of what had happened, Rupert committed the unconscious young lady to the ministering hands of the two girls, who, he was perfectly assured, would take care of her; and rode back at all speed to the place of the accident.

Numbers of country people had assembled by this time; lights had been procured; but the first sight that presented itself to Rupert's gaze was the forms of the baronet and his son being borne on shutters on men's shoulders up from the rain below. It was a shocking sight; but for the moment there flashed across Rupert's mind the story that the coachman had told him of the morning when he had seen the dead body of his uncle, Col. Clarendon, borne therefrom also after his fatal duel!

Gaelic Poetry.

Lament for Killeash.

The "Lament for Killeash" is said to be the composition of a young man named Lane, who had been educated for the Catholic priesthood by Lady Iveagh, wife of Col. Thomas Butler, of Killeash Castle, in the county of Tipperary. The maiden name of Lady Iveagh was Margaret Burke, being a daughter to William, Earl of Clanricarde. Her first husband was Brian Maganin, of the county of Down, who furnished two regiments—one of infantry and the other of cavalry—to King James the Second. After his death she married Butler of Killeash. She was a lady of great personal charms, but was much more remarkable for her christian piety and universal benevolence; so much so that her memory is still revered as that of a saint by the peasantry of South Tipperary.

The occasion of the "Lament" seems to be the dismantling of the Castle and the breaking up and disforesting of the noble park of Killeash, during the exile of the famous Duke of Ormond, whom the bard styles "Prionas na n-Gaoidhe," i.e. Prince of the Gaels, who succeeded his kinsman, Col. Butler, in the ownership. The "Bishop" alluded to was also a member of the Butler family. He resided at Westport, near Callan, and was distinguished by his piety and his attachment to the old faith.

Among the "nobles" (Iarlaidhe) who found a hospitable refuge from Lady Iveagh, at Killeash, was her own brother, Lord Castlehaven, who died there in 1684. So great was the charity of Lady Iveagh that she is said to have ordered the rocks to be fed during a hard winter, whence these birds are still facetiously called "Ceansa dubha Mairéad na Búiré" i.e. Margaret Burke's black hens, by the Irish-speaking peasantry of the valley of the Suir. Killeash lies on the south-eastern slope of Slieveanamon mountain.

I got this poem in the Appendix to the second volume of Moore's Melodies in Irish, published by Lynch, Cole & Moehan.

M. CREAN.

Crean deannamh feasta gan adhamh,

Oir tá deirdeas na g-collite ar iar?

Ní trácht ar Chill Chais na a teaghlach,

Ní baintear a eile go bráth.

An áit úd 'n a g-comhshuiteadh an deighbhean,

Fuar gairm is meidheir thá muidh,

Bhídeadh Iarlaidhe ag tarrainn tar toin ann,

Ní an t-áirdeann bhíad dá dhé.

Is é mo chreach fhada is mo'éan ghruit,

Do gheataidhe bréagh ná aon t-áir,

An 'aveenue' greannata faoi shiothair,

Ní gan foc ar son taobh de 'n 'walk'!

An chéir bhréagh do shíneadh an bhréag,

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Ní gan shíneadh shíneadh go láth,

Ní gan shí

THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

Another Attempt Against the Life of the Czar.

HIGH COURT OFFICIALS INVOLVED.

The Conspiracy Said to be One of the Most Desperate and Widespread of Any That Have Yet Come to Light—Two of the Suspected Army Officers Commit Suicide in Order to Avoid Arrest—Foreign Flashes.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 2.—The secret police have unearthed another nihilist plot against the life of the czar. The conspiracy is reported to be one of the most desperate and widespread of any that have yet come to light, the danger lying in the prominent positions held by the foremost men in the plot. A professor in the imperial university and two officers of the army are known to have been among them. The former is under arrest and the police are making other arrests of students and persons prominent in social and military life here and in other cities of the empire.

Suicide of Two Conspirators.
The two suspected army officers above mentioned fled to Moscow, and there both committed suicide to avoid capture by detectives on their track. The imperial family is reported to be deeply affected by the revelations already made of the extent of the plot, as many of the suspected persons have held the most confidential relations with the court.

PEACE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.

Everything Quiet at Buenos Ayres—Result of the Fighting.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Dispatches received from Buenos Ayres report that peace is firmly established. The insurgents have surrendered unconditionally, and the government on its side has issued a proclamation of general amnesty. An investigation by the authorities shows that 1,000 persons were killed and at least 5,000 were wounded during the revolution. The Argentine chamber has passed a resolution suspending the payment of government obligations until Aug. 31. The railways and telegraphs have resumed their regular operations. President Celman has withdrawn his resignation in deference to the universal opposition to his taking such a step.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

German Colonial Company.

BERLIN, Aug. 1.—In its report of condition and progress, just issued, the German Colonial company complains of the unfavorable results which are shown by the last year of its work. The number of its membership has dwindled alarmingly, 300 of them having fallen away during the year, while many of those who still continue to be members of the society decline to pay their subscriptions, without which the existence of the company is a farce. This decrease of public interest in its affairs is attributed to a general decline of the interest recently taken in colonial matters at large, and the inference is drawn that the German people care little or nothing for colonial enterprises.

Emperor William's Trip.

OSTEND, Aug. 2.—The German imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry on board, arrived here en route to England at 1:45 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The Count of Flanders, brother of King Leopold, and Prince Baldwin, heir apparent to the throne of Belgium, were at Ostend awaiting the arrival of his majesty. When the yacht came to anchor they boarded her and greeted the emperor and Prince Henry on behalf of King Leopold.

Slavery in Zanzibar.

ZANZIBAR, Aug. 2.—The sultan has issued a decree that the slavery ordinances are in general binding to the same extent as before the Anglo-German agreement. The sale of slaves at specified depots is prohibited. If an Arab marries a British subject his slaves become free. Slaves may purchase their freedom. Cruelty renders an owner liable to forfeit the ill-used slave. The death of a slave owner without lawful issue frees his slaves.

A Denial from MacKenzie.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—Mr. MacKenzie has written to the newspapers emphatically denying the statement which was made in The National Zeitung of Berlin to the effect that the British East Africa company had done nothing to prevent slave dealing. He asserts that since the beginning of his term of office as chief administrator at Mombassa not a single slave has been sold within the knowledge of a European resident.

The Duke of Cambridge.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The Hon. Edward Stanhope, secretary of war, in replying to Capt. Varney's question in relation to the Duke of Cambridge's culpability in the matter of the discipline of the mutinous grenadiers, stated that the Duke of Cambridge occupies exactly the same position as is held by any other colonel in the British army and is in no way responsible for the discipline of the regiment.

Perhaps They Want to Be Editors.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The students of the Berlin university are dismayed over the rejection of several theses for the reason that the penmanship was so bad that the professors declined to consider them. As the prizes competed for amounted to 4,000 marks, the lesson in the usefulness of legibility in handwriting has been a somewhat expensive one for the unlucky students.

A Salvadorian Rebel Shot.

LA LIBERTAD, Aug. 2.—The news is confirmed of the defeat of the revolutionary general, Rivas, by the government troops under Gen. Antonio Escaz. Rivas escaped from the capital Thursday night, but was afterwards captured and publicly shot and his corpse was exposed on the Plaza Armas.

The Cholera in Spain Increasing.

MADRID, Aug. 2.—Intense heat prevails here. It has produced a great increase in the deaths from cholera. Of forty-two who caught the disease on Wednesday, twenty-two have died. Valencia is now infected, as well as Alicante and Tarragona. The government is about to publish the list of deaths.

Amnesty for Strikers.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—A decree of partial amnesty to those persons who have been

convicted of offenses in connection with labor strikes, has been issued by the government of France. Under this decree fourteen prisoners have been released and the sentences of twenty-two others have been reduced.

The Situation in Argentina.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The Times' Buenos Ayres special says the situation is not improved. The National and other banks are taking advantage of the law enabling them to postpone cash payments except in the case of the smallest cheques. It is possible that the financial crisis may do what force of arms failed to accomplish, and force President Celman to resign.

Disorders in Samoa.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Aug. 1.—The steamship Lubeck has arrived here from Apia, Samoa. She brings advice to the effect that rumors were prevalent in Apia previous to her departure of disorders in the number of Samoan villages. In the opinion of Europeans these disorders point to the necessity of the three treaty powers forming a proper government for Samoa.

High Water in China.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 1.—The plain around Tientsin was submerged by the recent overflow of the river Pei Ho. All the roads in the flooded district were destroyed and the crops were ruined. All communication was cut off and for seven days no news from Peking was received at Tientsin.

An Irish Editor Sentenced.

DUBLIN, Aug. 2.—Mr. Walsh, editor of The Cashel Sentinel, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment at hard labor for publishing a speech delivered by John Kelly at a meeting of the National league which the authorities had forbidden to be held.

A Holocaust in Galicia.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The town of Mikolajow, in Galicia, has been destroyed by fire. Many lives were lost during the conflagration. The people of the place are destitute, and much suffering exists.

The Opposition and Behring Sea.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—The opposition intend to raise numerous questions against the foreign office's policy in regard to the Behring sea matter, when the foreign estimates come up to be voted on.

He's a Russian-American.

VIENNA, Aug. 1.—It is stated that the victim of the disorder in Constantinople is a Russian-American. He is said to have fired the first shot. It is believed that he was acting under instructions.

A Reconciliation.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—It is stated that Lord Dunlop has had an interview with his wife since the recent trial of his suit for a divorce, and that a reconciliation has been brought about.

He Defamed Marriage.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—The Socialist Kruger, at Guben, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for defaming the institution of marriage.

Cholera Raging at Mecca.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—A dispatch from Mecca reports that the cholera is raging at that place, the deaths from the disease averaging eighty daily.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN WAR.

The Salvadorians Have Been Victorious in Eleven Battles.

MEXICO, July 30.—Geronimo Pau, the confidential agent of Salvador, received a telegram Tuesday which said that in eleven battles which have taken place up to date with the Guatemalan army the Salvadorians have been victorious. The remnants of the Guatemalan army have fled in the greatest disorder toward the interior, and not a single Guatemalan remains on the frontier. The revolution started against Barillas in the departments of the east is headed by well-known generals. The downfall of President Barillas is considered a foregone conclusion. He will suffer a complete loss of all political strength. Barillas is making desperate efforts to procure foreign intervention in his favor. A private telegram to a commercial house in this city states that in Saturday's battle the Salvadorians were defeated by the Guatemalans and sustained a loss of sixty killed, 300 wounded, and a large number of prisoners. The Guatemalan loss was very light.

Direct from Siberia.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Annie Ratmen, a 21-year-old Russian, has arrived here on the steamship Oslan. At the barge office she confessed to having been sent some years ago to Siberia for a political offense from where she was pardoned five months ago. During her exile a son was born to her, and when she landed here, the boy, now 3 years old, accompanied her. Her husband, who was imprisoned with her, will come here in a few months. In her story of life in Siberia she tells some terrible tales. Her husband was a young physician of fair wealth, but all his possessions were seized by the government. She intends going to Wichita, Kan.

End of the Special Session.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 2.—The Illinois legislature adjourned sine die Friday evening after passing the world's fair bill. The action providing for an eight-hour day was stricken out, but a resolution was adopted requesting the directors to observe the eight-hour law. An amendment was also inserted in the bill providing that, in case submerged lands claimed for fair purposes should ever cease to be maintained as a public park, then they shall revert to the state of Illinois.

Caterpillars Invading Texas.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 2.—The Pigeon's Austin, Tex., special says: Millions of caterpillars have invaded the fields in this section of Texas and planters and farmers are busy poisoning them. They are reported very bad along the Brazos river and it may be that the cotton crop of this state will be seriously injured. The pests are at least three weeks earlier than usual and they are here in great number, and make the atmosphere very offensive with their peculiar odor.

Killed His Little Sister.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 2.—Henry Frybarger, a young man of Salisbury township, while shooting snakes accidentally shot and killed his little sister, aged 8 years.

Died in Horrible Agony.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—George Nerlinger, aged 13 years, died at St. Michael's hospital in terrible agony of hydrophobia. He was bitten during the last part of last May.

SWEEP BY THE FLAMES.

A Raging Conflagration at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

IT ORIGINATED IN A FIRE-TRAP,

And Spread with Amazing Rapidity to Some of the Finest Business Blocks in the City, Which Were Destroyed—Help Rendered from Other Towns and the Flames Finally Subdued After a Hard and Long Fight.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 31.—A special to The Herald from Seneca Falls gives the following particulars of the fire there: The inevitable has occurred. The few building, against the erection of which three or more years ago such earnest protest was made, fulfilled its mission as a fire trap, and it is feared that it has also proven a death trap. A few minutes after 3 o'clock Wednesday morning the building, which was directly opposite Hoag's Opera house, in Fall street, was discovered to be burning in Sutherland & Squire's restaurant. In a few minutes the entire structure was on fire. Had naught but the shell suffered there would have been trifling cause for regret, but at 7 o'clock the fairest commercial portion of the town was in ashes or in flames. The few building was approached from but one side, and the atmosphere quickly became so hot that the firemen could not endure it.

The Opera House Destroyed.

The splendid Phoenix block, involving the electric light plant, the electric railway plant, the postoffice, express office, The Reville printing establishment, The Courier, Sanderson's furniture warehouse, and the Western Union telegraph office succumbed to the flames and within four hours fifteen stores east of it, to the Sheldon block, were ruined. The flames sprang across the street to Hoag's Opera house before an hour had passed and that was consumed, with all of Fall street on that side next to the Sheldon block, while on the north side the co-operative block was the limit. On State street the flames extended to and included Kellogg's livery stable, but all of his stock was saved.

Spread of the Flames.

In State street the fire lapped up the Hudson house and blacksmith shop, George's barber shop, Farness's store, the Norcott block, including Gomer's liquor store, Hall's cigar factory, Hanna's secondhand store, Chinese laundry, Denison's shoe shop, Kellogg's livery and the two rear houses next thereto. Among the tenants who lost heavily are The Journal office, Nunold Bros., Nellie Jennings, R. C. Wayne, Jacob Allen, John H. Crowell, T. R. Lawrence, Messrs. Brox & Squires, Madden's news room, Marner Bros.' store and barber shop, Mrs. Hadley's millinery store, Van Kleeck's and Gilmore's drug stores and Hoag's drug store, Carney & Waller's hardware store, Hill's grocery, Addison's shoe store, Phillips & Hawley's hardware store, Blodgett's dry goods store, Howe's hat store, besides many tenants in the rooms above the stores.

Help from Other Towns.

A steamer came from Waterloo soon after daylight, and about 6 o'clock a train came in with a steamer from Geneva. An extra steamer from the Silsby works was also in service, besides the two village steamers. All three newspapers are burned out, and the telegraph and telephone service is suspended. The Gleason & Bailey works were several times on fire, but the flames were kept down with little injury. The Western Union Telegraph company are doing business at the railroad station. The fire was under control at 9 o'clock in the morning.

Losses and Insurance.

Three of the best equipped printing offices in the state, The Courier, Reville, and Journal, lie buried in the ruins. But a few losses and insurance are obtainable. The loss on the opera house is about \$30,000, insurance \$10,000; Hoag's hotel \$27,000, insurance \$2,000; R. G. Wayne, \$40,000, insurance \$2,000; Addison's loss \$10,000, insurance \$4,000; Jacoby, the insurance man, places the loss at \$300,000, with a probable insurance of \$200,000. The mail was wholly removed from the postoffice, and the books, money, stamps, etc., it is hoped, are safely wet down in the waters of the raceway beneath. Grand Army hall in the third story of the Daniels block is among the things that were. A part of the records of Cross post, including its charter and the irreparable loss of many relics and mementoes will be a source of regret to veterans. John Duff, of the paid fire department, had a leg broken by a flying pipe and hose. All the saloons are closed by order of President Ramsey.

Defendant His Workmen.

UTICA, N. Y., July 30.—Le Grande SoraFord, a man of some prominence here, was arrested Tuesday night on a requisition from Pennsylvania, charging him with bringing property into this state from Pennsylvania with intent to defraud his creditors. He was a lumber contractor for the firm of F. H. & C. W. Goodyear, of Buffalo, and employed 125 men, to whom, it is alleged, he owed \$6,000. It is said that on July 1, instead of paying his men with \$6,000, which he received for that purpose, he drove his horses and wagon across the state line, taking the cash with him. He is about 38 years of age and has a wife and children in this city.

War Against the Tramps.

BOONE, Ia., July 30.—The city authorities have inaugurated a war against tramps, arresting them under the provisions of the anti-tramp law of this state. Nine were captured Tuesday and each sentenced to ten days' labor on the streets. This move has cleared the town of tramps for the present.

Fifty-Nine Miners Rescued.

PARIS, July 30.—The Pellissier pit at St. Etienne, in which an explosion of fire damp occurred Tuesday, has been cleared and fifty-nine miners have been rescued. The bodies of ninety-eight victims have been recovered.

Illinois Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 30.—In the senate Wednesday the World's fair loan bill was passed. In the house the constitutional amendment was approved after considerable debate.

MURDERED HIS SWEETHEART.

Horrible Crime Committed by a Swede at New Milford, Conn.

NEW MILFORD, Conn., Aug. 1.—Andrew Bergersen, a Swede, aged 30 years, entered the room of his sweetheart, Emma Anderson, early Friday morning and cut her throat, nearly severing the head from the body. The murdered girl was engaged to be married to him, and it is now thought that the girl had objected to the wedding on account of his recently developed drinking habits. In less than half an hour all the farmers in the vicinity had turned out, armed with shot guns and pitchforks, and set out in pursuit of the murderer. At 10 o'clock in the morning Policemen Addis, Pansee and Bough, accompanied by a vast crowd, rode into town with the murderer. He was captured in a clump of trees near the scene of the murder. Bergersen attempted suicide, but was prevented by the officers.

Severe Storm in Massachusetts.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Aug. 1.—A severe tempest with heavy rain struck here at 6:30 Friday morning lasting thirty minutes, during which one and one-half inches of rain fell. C. C. Hamlin's residence at Cottage City was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. The first building on the Maine Steamship company's dock on the east side of Vineyard Haven was completely destroyed.

NORTH ABINGTON, Mass., Aug. 1.—

During the tempest lightning struck the dwelling house of Thomas Sheridan, entering through the front, running along the sides and tearing a large hole in the roof. Mr. Sheridan and his wife were prostrated by the shock, their young son was rendered insensible, and Miss Mary Quigley, aged 20, a sister of Mrs. Sheridan, was killed.

Wheat Crop in the Northwest.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 1.—The best authorities estimate the wheat crop of the present season in the Dakotas and Minnesota at 100,000,000 bushels. They place Minnesota at 40,000,000 bushels and the Dakotas at 60,000,000 bushels. All the prophets argue that the wheat crop will be one of the largest ever harvested, and that there is nothing in the weather conditions to cause alarm. The hot weather has not done serious damage, taking the country as a whole, and the harvest is now in progress. The value of this crop to the northwest is estimated at \$60,000,000 at the lowest. Reports from all over the three states agree with this general prophecy as to results.

Desperate Battle with Tramps.

MASSILON, Ohio, Aug. 1.—Officers Tom Magen and Frank Erie had a desperate battle with a large gang of tramps who spent the afternoon in drinking five kegs of beer near the bridge shop. In the attempt to arrest them the officers shot three of them, one through the left leg, another through the back and part of the head, and another through the back. The wounded men and seven others were locked up. The leader gives his name as William Hauke and hails from Canton; three others claim to be from Titusville, Pa.

Ran into a Bowlder.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 1.—A freight train on the Burlington and Northern was wrecked near Diamond Bluff, Wis., directly opposite the place where the recent disaster on Lake Pepin occurred. The train was running at a high rate of speed, and in rounding a curve ran upon a huge powder and was thrown down an embankment. Brakeman William Woodward was killed, and five tramps named John Patterson, George Brown, George Schumelster, William Hall and John Sullivan, who were stealing a ride, were severely injured.

North Dakota Republicans.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Aug. 1.—After a very lively session here the Republican state convention nominated the following ticket: Governor, Capt. Burke; lieutenant governor, Roger Allen; congress, M. J. Johnson. The other nominations were as follows: John P. Bray, of Grand Forks, was nominated for auditor; L. D. Booker, of Pembina, for treasurer, and John Little for secretary of state. C. A. M. Spencer, of Walsh county, was nominated for attorney general.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 2.—A Greenville, Miss., special to The Pictorial says: Friday evening, near Stoneville, while a heavy wind was raging, a colored woman named Lou Black, her son, and daughter were driving toward town in a buggy. When they were near Bogus Palaya swamp, a large tree fell on them, killing the mother and son and badly wounding the daughter.

Death of a Missionary.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—A cable dispatch received by the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church announces the death by dysentery at Seoul, Corea, of Dr. J. W. Heron, medical missionary of the board. He was superintendent of the hospital in the Korean capital, and enjoyed in a peculiar degree the confidence of the king and the foreign community.

No Claim Upon the Estate.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 1.—Mrs. Sarah Althea Terry had a retrial of her case against the estate of the late Senator Sharon and Friday in the superior court Judge Shafter rendered a decision holding that the so-called marriage contract was a forgery; that she never had been married to Sharon and had no claim whatever upon the Sharon estate.

Gen. Fremont's Will.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The will of Gen. Fremont was offered for probate in the surrogate's court Friday, where it had been deposited according to statute many years before. It was executed Aug. 19, 1854, and leaves the entire estate to his widow.

Heavy Snow in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2.—During a thunder storm Friday the wind rose in New Polk county to the violence of a tornado and houses were blown down, unroofed, and trees felled by the wind. Loss estimated at \$15,000 to \$20,000.

Death of a Valuable Horse.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 1.—The well known race horse Duquesne, owned by Paul Hacke of this city, died at Paris, Ky. Duquesne had a record of 2:17½. He was 16 years of age. Mr. Hacke had refused \$55,000 for the horse.

A Well-Known Actor Dead.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Spencer Pritchard, a well known actor and playwright, died early in the morning at his home, in this city, of general debility.

THE POLITICAL FIELD.

Important Meeting of Wisconsin Republican Leaders.

DISCUSSION OF THE BENNETT LAW.

Failure of an Effort to Reach a Compromise on Which an Acceptable Platform Could Be Framed—Result of the Elections in Kentucky—A Tillman Tidal Wave in South Carolina—A Big Democratic Victory.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 5.—An important conference of Republican leaders took place here about midnight Saturday and extended into the early hours of Sunday morning. There were present Senator John C. Spooner, Horace Rublee, Governor Hoard, Henry C. Payne, Paul Bechtner, Gen. Ginty and Editor Koeppe, of the Germania. The party met at the Milwaukee club and their session is said to have been an extremely interesting one. The Bennett law was discussed at great length, and an effort was made to reach some compromise on which a platform acceptable to both the governor and Koeppe could be framed. Senator Spooner acted as referee and did everything in his power to get the governor and the bolting German editor to agree on the main points at issue.

No Agreement Reached.

As far as can be learned the conference did not result in any agreement being reached. The governor stood solidly and firmly on the ground which he has repeatedly taken—namely, that the state has a right to see that all its children are educated in the English language. Koeppe opposed this assumption as being unnecessary, and claimed that all children educated in the Lutheran schools were being educated in the English language. Horace Rublee was seen Monday, but declined to be interviewed on the result of the conference. He remarked, however, that it would be perfectly safe to say that, while Governor Hoard was not opposed to amendments to the Bennett law, he still stood by the fundamental principles of the measure.

OTHER POLITICAL ITEMS.

Many County Conventions Held in South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 5.—Something like a Tillman tidal wave swept over the state Monday. Conventions were held in Greenville, Anderson, Marion, Pickens, and several other counties, and Tillman delegates were elected. The farmers' movement, as it is called, also made a broad reach after congressional seats. In the Fourth district D. K. Norris and in the Sixth E. T. Stackhouse were endorsed for congress, vice Cothran and Dargan, the present members. Everything now has an agricultural look and the chances are growing daily more promising for the biggest kind of a split.

The Kentucky Election.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 5.—The election passed off quietly throughout the state, a fair vote being polled. Returns from fifty counties indicate Longmoo's election for clerk of the court of appeals by 35,000 majority, a Democratic gain of over 6,000 over the Cleveland vote. The Democratic candidates in the various districts for the appellate and superior court judgeships were all elected, as were nearly all the Democratic candidates for delegates to the constitutional convention. A light vote was polled in Louisville, but the county Democratic ticket was elected by 7,000 majority, and the people voted favorably on the question of establishing free parks.

First Time Since the War.

SHEFFIELD, Ala., Aug. 5.—Colbert county has gone Democratic on both state and local tickets for the first time since the war. The majority will be near 300. Most of the northern white men and many negroes voted the Democratic ticket. The force bill changed many white votes.

Victory for the Liberals.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Aug. 5.—It is believed that the Liberals carried the election for county officers here Monday by from 300 to 300 majority over the Mormons. It has been a bitter struggle for supremacy in county affairs.

Fatal Explosion of Chemicals.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 5.—As the result of an explosion of chemicals Monday afternoon in the office of the Denver fire brick and chemical supply house the entire front of the building was blown out, and men passing the store at the time were hurled across the street and badly bruised. The building immediately took fire and when partially extinguished, one body, that of the president of the company, J. O. Bosworth, burned to a crisp, was taken out of the ruins.

A Shark Put to Good Use.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 5.—The schooner Minnesota on her last fishing trip lost two men in a dory. The latter, after rowing about for five days and suffering terribly, came across a black buoy which was fastened to a fisherman's trawl. They managed to haul the gear and found a shark on the hook. He was ripped open and the raw flesh was eaten to satisfy the craving hunger of the men. They were rescued soon after by the schooner Robert J. Edwards.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

WAUKESHA, Wis., Aug. 5.—Mrs. Johnston, of Montgomery, Ala., who has been at Dr. Caldwell's sanitarium for medical treatment, mysteriously disappeared last Saturday, being last seen at about 6 p. m. in the vicinity of the postoffice and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul depot. She is about 35 years old. Searching parties have been out in every direction all day, but up to Monday night no traces of her had been found.

Raise Savage Figs in Illinois.

BRIDGEPORT, Ills., Aug. 5.—John A. Seed, a farmer, was attacked by two pigs Monday and in trying to escape fell down. In an instant they were upon him, tearing and biting him savagely. He was rescued with difficulty by a hired man, but his injuries will probably result fatally. The sows were maddened by the intense heat.

Let Sleeping Bulldogs Lie.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Aug. 5.—Amelia Kerboff, an accomplished girl living near Humboldt, accidentally shot herself through the heart while attempting to take a 48-calibre self-acting revolver from a pocket in her brother's coat. She was just 20 years old.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Vincent Oert, a wealthy farmer near Flanagan, Ill., was thrown from his buggy Saturday and instantly killed.

William Gray, who recently stole a package containing \$3,000 from the American Express company at Hurley, W. Va., has been arrested at Donalds, B. C.

James Griffin and John Hamer, prominent citizens of Ogden, Utah, were killed in a bar-room brawl growing out of election bets.

A big shark caught near Ashbury Park had in its belly four bushels of fish and parts of a man's leg and foot. It was 11½ feet long.

Stanley says that Mohammedanism is fast decreasing in Africa. He foresees trouble between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the work of evangelization.

An election to fill the office of first lieutenant in company F of the Sixty-ninth New York regiment came near resulting in a riot. A squad of police hurried to the scene and prevented trouble.

Miss Leiter, of Chicago, has been taken up by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and is said to have made the greatest social success of the season in London.

The Farmers' alliance of Alabama is seeking to control and secure all the nominations of federal and state officials this year.

The agricultural department of India reports a decrease of 13 per cent. in the out-turn of wheat this season.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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be addressed to the editor. All business letters
should be addressed to THE CITIZEN News-
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CHICAGO, AUGUST 9, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
principal places of amusement during the com-
ing week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The
Crystal Slipper."

MEVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—
"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—
Henry R. Dixey.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
"An Irish Arab."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of
Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-
days included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else toler-
ate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

THE BRITISH BULLY.

The Boston Pilot of Aug. 2, in an able
and patriotic article, dealing with the
Behring sea seal fisheries question says:
"In the meantime (that is while diplo-
matic negotiations were going on between
the Secretary of State and the British
minister) the President had ordered our
revenue cruisers to protect the sealing
grounds, England had dispatched her
ships of war to overawe our cruisers, Sir
Julian Pauncefote had delivered his im-
perative ultimatum, and the President
had countermanded his orders to the
cruisers."

It is charged that the action of the Pres-
ident in ordering the cruisers to Behring
sea was a grave mistake and seriously
hampered Mr. Blaine in his delicate ne-
gotiations. We think that the President
did no more than his duty in the pre-
mises, but, be that as it may, his sudden
breakdown before the display of British
force in the Pacific and on receipt of Sir
Julian Pauncefote's ultimatum is mortify-
ing to every American.

The moral to be drawn from the in-
cident is clear. Whatever our legal rights
may be, and whether our position is mor-
ally tenable or otherwise, we are forced
to abandon it in the face of a written
menace backed by the display of military
power. Therefore, it behooves us as a na-
tion to avoid the possibility of being ever
again placed in such a humiliating posi-
tion.

We must have a navy equal to that of
any foreign and potentially hostile power.
We must strengthen our coast defenses
everywhere. When these are achieved
we shall be safe from the aggressions of
any nation. Until they are we shall be at
the mercy of all. The pistols held by
England, one at the head of San Francisco,
and the other at the head of New York,
are no empty threats, as this correspond-
ence plainly proves."

THE CITIZEN heartily coincides with
the Boston Pilot in regard to the impera-
tive necessity for a better navy, but it will
be next to impossible to impress a sense
of danger on a majority of our congress-
men. They live in a fool's paradise, and
imagine, God knows why, that no power
on earth would dare to attack us. When
the British minister at Washington, in-
structed by the Queen of England's pre-
mier, Lord Salisbury, dares to write as
follows to the Secretary of State, the ears
of every American must feel hot with
shame and anger: "Her Britannic Ma-
jesty's Government are therefore unable
to pass over without notice the public an-
nouncement of an intention on the part of
the Government of the United States to
renew the acts of interference with
British vessels navigating outside the ter-
ritorial waters of the United States, of
which they had previously had to com-
plain. The undersigned is in conse-
quence instructed formally to protest
against such interference, and to declare
that her Britannic Majesty's Government
must hold the Government of the United
States responsible for the consequences
that may ensue from acts which are con-
trary to the established principles of in-
ternational law."

THE CITIZEN is not thirsting for war.
It believes in peace, prosperity and the
pursuit of happiness before all things
else; but it does not believe in swallowing
English impertinence, even though our
seaboard, and lakeboard, cities may have
to stand a bombardment as the price of
American recalcitrance. Let us count the
cost. The English fleet could partially
destroy San Francisco, New York and
Baltimore, and might, perhaps, be able to
send ships up the almost unguarded
Potomac to shell Washington itself. Some
Canadian gunboats might come through

the ship canal to annoy the lake cities, in-
cluding Chicago. According to our mili-
tary experts, we could mobilize 100,000
men for action—most of them well trained
—within a few days, hurl them on the
Canadian frontier and gobble, after a few
sharp battles, perhaps, that presumptuous
province. This would give us North
America, from the Rio Grande to the
North Pole, with all its countless riches
in land, wood, game, fish and mineral. As
to the sea, our naval grayhounds would
make havoc of every ship sailing the
British flag, not under heavy escort, with
in a month. Our letters of marque would
issue to let loose swarms of privateers.

Russia, with her angry eyes fixed on
British India, would come to our aid in
Behring Sea, and, in fact, would be, like
France, our natural ally. Russia would
certainly, from motives of policy, either
fight with us, or hang so threateningly on
England's exposed flanks as to paralyze
her. Then, let the battle rage for a year
and the American Eagle, with the Rus-
sian bear, would make a meal of the
British Lion. It is not at all unlikely that
Ireland would be considered in the treaty
of peace, and that her independence,
either as a separate republic or a state of
the American Union, would be acknowl-
edged. There are often worse things than
a war. If England is really spoiling for
a fight, let her come on. North and South,
shoulder to shoulder, all of us would give
her a rendezvous that must be memor-
able. One thing is certain, the British
Lion would come out of the fight short of
his tail, an ear, many square yards of hide,
several pounds of flesh, and covered all
over, after the surgeons got through with
him, with sticking plaster.

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC" LITER-
ARY TRIUMPH.

By one of those inadvertencies which
seem to be inseparable from the news-
paper profession, the criticism of Mr.
Finerty's book, "Warpath and Bivouac,"
was credited in THE CITIZEN of last
week to the London (Eng.) Spectator. In-
stead of the London Saturday Review,
which is the foremost literary journal of
Great Britain. This week THE CITIZEN
publishes reviews of the book by the
New York Nation and the New York
Critic, which are the leading literary
journals of the United States. Praise
from the Saturday Review, which is by
no means friendly to Americans of any
previous nationality; and from the New
York Nation and Critic, which are re-
nowned for the severe impartiality of
their criticisms, is praise indeed. The
demand for his book has increased so
much that Mr. Finerty will be war-
ranted in issuing a second edition dur-
ing the month of September, and all
who have not yet secured "Warpath
and Bivouac" should hasten to send in
their orders. The terms and descrip-
tion will be found in another column,
together with a compendium of press
notices, American and foreign. No book
on an American subject, published in the
last twenty years, has received such uni-
versal commendation from the press
throughout the civilized world as "War-
path and Bivouac."

GLADSTONE MOURNS FOR EMMET.

It is a wonderful revolution in human
events, and more especially in Irish
events, when an ex-premier of the British
empire expresses himself pleased at meet-
ing a member of the celebrated family,
which can boast of a Thomas Addis
Emmet and a Robert Emmet. The Dub-
lin Freeman, of July 23, had the following
editorial paragraph:
"The party given by Mr. Schwann, M.P.,
in honor of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien is to be
followed by another today given by Mr.
McEwan, M.P., who has issued invitations
to all the Nationalist members. Mr.
Robert Emmet and Miss Emmet were
among the guests at Mr. Schwann's, and
were introduced to Mr. Gladstone. An
Irish member introduced the young Irish-
American to the veteran statesman as the
great grand nephew of the gallant Irish
patriot. The 'Grand Old Man' expressed
his delight at meeting the descendants of
Emmet. 'Ah,' said he, 'that sad but inter-
esting period of Irish history has yet to be
written; no historian that I know of has
yet done justice to it. The French and
the Irish revolutions in the end of the last
century were nearly contemporaneous,'
he said, 'but in the matter of blood guilti-
ness in the sight of the Almighty, it is my
opinion that the rulers of Ireland of that
day were far more responsible than the
French.' 'That is my opinion,' said he,
'at any rate, and I don't attempt to conceal
it.'

Yes, indeed, Mr. Gladstone, and so were
the rulers of Ireland at a later date, in-
cluding your own régime when you al-
lowed "Buckshot" Forster to let loose his
hiringling constables on the unarmed peas-
antry of Ireland. But you have, to all
appearances, repented, Mr. Gladstone, and
the Irish never turn away from the politi-
cal confessional, unabsolved, a repentant
sinner.

Mr. Gladstone is mistaken in saying, as
he does by inference, that the close of the
last century witnessed the acme of hor-
rors in Ireland. Robert Emmet was a
product of the last century, but he died
for Ireland in the beginning of this. His

death was tragical, cruel and horrible, but
his fate was surely not more tragical,
cruel or horrible than that of the thou-
sands on thousands who died of famine,
without striking a blow in their own de-
fense, from 1846 to 1850. Mr. Gladstone
was then in parliament, and we are not
aware that he made himself prominent as
an advocate of measures that would have
saved the lives of millions in Ireland.

"The famine," said Meagher in 1848,
"has been England's best recruiting ser-
geant; it has driven myriads of starving
Irishmen to enlist in her brilliant and un-
scrupulous legions. The famine has been
her best swordsmen—it has slain millions
of her peasant foes! What says the Lon-
don Times, that potent organ of English
public opinion? 'Ireland, by reason of the
famine, is now thoroughly conquered, and
at the mercy of England.' Yes, Ireland
is now a thoroughly conquered country.
The war of centuries is at a close! En-
gland! Your gallant and impetuous
enemy is no more—Ireland—say, rather,
the remains of Ireland—is yours at last.
Your red ensign flies not from the rath of
Mullaghmast, where you played the cut
throat; not from the walls of Limerick,
where you played the perjurer; not from
the custom house, where you played the
robber; not from the senate house, where
you played the swindler, but from a mil-
lion famine graves, where the titled nig-
gards of your cabinet won the battle your
soldiers could not terminate!"

What a truthful, terrible indictment!
Why were the youthful hairs of William
Ewart Gladstone untouched by the sure
rod of God's mercy? Why was not that
grand mind of his opened in time to the
awful situation in Ireland? Why did he
never think of visiting, in those youthful
and vigorous days, the hapless land which
his country has systematically blighted?
Now, in his old age, he comes weeping to
the foot of the English gibbet on which
the liberty of Ireland has been strangled.
He lays a tribute of regret on the name
less grave of Emmet, who was hanged for
seeking the freedom of the land that bore
him. It is a sad but splendid spectacle,
unmatched, perhaps, in the annals of the
world. The ex-prime minister of England
welcoming an Emmet, and throwing the
blame of his death on the English gov-
ernment of 1803. Why, if old Norbury
could rise from his grave, he would have
Gladstone out at the pistol's point, and
falling in that, would try to hang him! In
this singular and memorable confession
of Gladstone, the poetical prophecy of the
poet Moore, Emmet's friend and fellow-
student, has been startlingly fulfilled:

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name,
And many a deed shall wake to praise
That long hath slept in blame!

THE OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION.

All the indications point to a magnifi-
cent demonstration of the United Irish
Societies at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15. A
stirring programme has been arranged.
M. J. Keane will preside in the afternoon
and John F. Finerty in the evening. The
orators of the occasion will be the Hon.
Maurice F. Wilhere, of Pennsylvania;
National Delegate of the Ancient Order
of Hibernians; Mathew P. Brady, of Chi-
cago; Rev. Edmund Hayes, of Iowa, and
the Hon. Thomas Brennan, of Omaha.

WANTED TO BE AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The attempted desertion of twenty
British sailors from the flag ship Belle-
ophon—the successor of the vessel which
kidnapped Napoleon I—at Newport, R.I.,
is significant. In a war with this country
England's hands would be full in trying
to keep her soldiers and sailors from de-
serting. The sight of the land of liberty
intoxicates the poor fellows. Small blame
to them. In a war with America, the Irish
in the British service would be practically
useless. They might be induced to fight
against any other country but this. Many
of the British soldiers and sailors, tired of
the tyranny of their native service, look
upon America with friendly eyes. If
England makes an attack upon us, she
will have to do it at long range. Other-
wise her "Jolly Tars," as at Newport, will
swim ashore and take out their first
papers.

THAT "CLOSER UNION WITH EN-
GLAND."

In view of the enthusiastic desire of
the present leaders of the Irish for a
"closer union with the English people,"
and all the rest of the prevalent God-
bless-England cant, the following admis-
sions from Reynolds' Newspaper, the great
organ of the English democracy, are toler-
ably suggestive:

"The inquiry into the prevalence of
child murder by English parents under-
taken by a select committee of the House
of Lords is revealing some shocking evi-
dence of the brutality of many of our race,
as well as the fact that a large number of
persons interested as shareholders and
directors of insurance companies are mak-
ing a living out of blood-money. The
evidence of Dr. Ritchie, of Leek, Stafford-
shire, England, was very significant.
When a local burial society, he said, in-
sured the lives of children under twelve
months, the mortality was 156 in the
thousand. When they discontinued the
practice it fell to 109; when it was re-
sumed, owing to the competition of other
societies, it rose to 170. What a town of
child murderers must Leek be! Immor-
ality, murder, drunkenness, and variety of
religions seem to be among the predominant
characteristics of our race; and all these are
wedded together by the most marked hypocr-
isy, a chief feature of which is our seeing

the notes in the eyes of other nations
through the beams in our own."

And these are they with whom you
would have our people identified in aims
and aspirations, Messrs. Davitt, O'Brien,
Dillon, et al! For a mess of the Baxon
pottage (for "loyal") stomachs mainly) you
would have us barter everything in our
race which has made its preservation up to
this, possible?

Have our patriots died in jail and exile,
our poets sang, our hopes been kept burn-
ing through all the storm and stress of the
centuries for this consumption? J.M.C.

A NEW STORY.

Prof. James Murphy's thrilling story
"Convict No. 25," will be concluded next
week. It will be succeeded by the "Shan
Van Vocht," a tale of the United Irishmen,
in which Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone and
other noted patriots figure, by the same
author. Prof. Murphy is acknowledged
by the press of Great Britain and Ireland
to be the best living Irish novelist.

A NOTABLE MARRIAGE.

Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop, managing editor
of the Chicago Times, and Mrs. Wilber
F. Storey, widow of the late editor of the
same paper, were quietly married by the
Rev. Prof. Swing, in the presence of the
Hon. Lyman Trumbull and Mrs. Trum-
bull, last Wednesday afternoon. The
happy pair went East immediately on an
extended wedding trip. THE CITIZEN
wishes them happiness and prosperity.

NEW YORK CRITIC.

A Very Readable and Commendable Book.
[New York Critic.]

Mr. Finerty was the "war correspondent"
of the Chicago Times during the famous
campaign of Gen. Crook against the Sioux
in 1876, and the subsequent expedition of
Miles along the Northwestern frontier in
1879. The author describes the former of
the campaigns as "the last great Indian
war," a description which may be accepted
as a safe prediction. Though the broken
bands that remain in our western Terri-
tories may hereafter give our troops some
trouble, such formidable hordes of mount-
ed warriors as the cavalry of Crook had
to encounter will never be mustered again;
nor is it at all probable that such a disaster
as that in which the too fearless Custer
and his devoted followers met their
lamentable fate will ever be repeated.

This modern Indian war differed widely
in some respects from those of earlier
times, and was certainly far more pictur-
esque. The combatants did not, like their
predecessors, fight on foot, with rude and
unequal weapons, in the maze of a primi-
val forest—a conflict of sudden surprises
and single encounters. The Sioux and
their native allies were armed with the
best repeating rifles, and rode on swift and
well trained horses. They had the open
prairie in which to manoeuvre, with here
and there mountain fastnesses wherein to
entice and entrap their enemies. They
had also the consciousness of contending
in a cause which even their enemies ad-
mitted to be just; for, as the author, with
honorable candor, clearly sets forth, it is
but too plain that the federal government,
in this as in other cases, allowed itself to
be dragged into a scandalous violation of
treaty rights by the frenzied greed of the
swarms of reckless adventurers who
rushed into the heart of the Indian terri-
tory, after Custer's first expedition had
confirmed the reports of "gold fields" in
the Black Hills.

With the causes of the war the army, of
course, had nothing to do. The conduct
of the officers and soldiers throughout
seems to have been admirable. It was
marked by equal bravery and humanity
—virtues which had often to be exercised
under very trying circumstances. The
author, sharing in these good qualities,
and having with him the ever-reverent
spirit of his Irish temperament, and the
ready pen of the practiced news-
paper correspondent, was well qualified
to be the historian of such a conflict. His
style, if occasionally careless, is always
animated and graphic. In such a war
there can be no non-combatants, and once
when entrapped with a scouting party, in
extreme peril. The general movements
of the troops, the marches, encampments
and battles, are well narrated. We learn
all that is likely to be known of poor Cus-
ter's last combat, which no white witness
survived to report.

The author, in his second expedition,
visited the camp of Sitting Bull in his
Canadian refuge, and gives a vivid word-
picture of his meeting with that re-
doubtable chieftain and his principal war-
riors. From this visit he was, by the
courtesy of the British commandant, es-
corted back to the American headquarters
by a posse of intelligent and companion-
able "British red coats,"—the situation
being more interesting to the author, as
he hints, by the consciousness that, in
other circumstances, the same scarlet-
coated good fellows might "for certain po-
litical reasons," have had occasion to es-
cort him through the green valleys of Ire-
land to the "historical British dungeon."
Fortunately for himself and his readers,
Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dan-
gers to give the public his very readable
and commendable book. There are many
good illustrations, chiefly portraits of
noted combatants, civilized and savage.

A Truthful and Spirited Story.

[New York Nation, July 21.]

"Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest
of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, Chi-
cago. To write an unsensational but truth-
ful and spirited account of savage cam-
paigns is no light achievement, but it has
been done by the author, who represented
the Chicago Times in the Indian field in
1876 and 1879. If this stirring narrative
is read as it deserves, the people will learn
of hardships and peril encountered by
their military forces that not one in a
hundred thousand ever dreams of. The
historian accompanied Crook on his Big
Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear
in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it
on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux
mutually receded. Within the next ten
days the same savage force overwhelmed
Custer not more than twenty miles away.
What is known as the Sibley scout, a

reconnaissance of about thirty men that
fell in with an overwhelming war party
in the Tongue River country, is perhaps
the most thrilling episode described.

Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently
has an ancestral love of fighting from the
facility with which he takes his place in
the ranks. But he never boasts. The
wider lesson of the book is the part played
by the army in opening for settlement,
and what subsequently became civiliza-
tion, the vast ran as of the Northwest.
There are many excellent illustrations of
general and other officers.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

FROM IRELAND.

MOUNT MELLERAY.

An American Protestant clergyman,
thus speaks of Mount Melleray in a recent
letter:

"Of course I could not leave Cappquin
without going out to the establishment of
the Trappist Monks at Mount Melleray,
just under the grand peaks of the Knock-
meledown Mountains. On the way I
stopped to talk with a young man who
was breaking stone for the repair of the
highway. He received 8 cents for break-
ing a horseshoe, and he could break two
and a half loads in a day's labor. He was
trying to save enough to go to America.
I told him what wages men got with us,
and left him hammering away faster than
ever, and with a firmer resolve. The
monastery lands could not be easily dis-
tinguished on the mountain slope, as all
around were unreclaimed wastes of furze
and heather. In 1830 when the monks
came here, their lands were the same.
After the painful labor of redeeming these
moors they have to pay rent to the land-
lord for some of them. Here on the left
is the girls' school, which is now given
over to the government for lack of funds
at hand in the monastery to support it.
Now we are passing the boys' school. The
brother, who received us with generous
hospitality, told us that many of the
students studied for the priesthood. The
monks belong to the Cistercian Order and
endeavor to observe literally the rules of
St. Benedict. They refrain from all un-
necessary conversation which gives rise to
a belief among the people that some of
them never speak.

"One cannot but feel a high respect for
those men who have subdued the wilder-
ness and made their coming a blessing to
all. I was pleased to notice the splendid
horses which the monastery owned, and
chafed the brother little on the fact that
the horses were better housed than the
fathers; but he acknowledged it with
simple good nature. While we were at
the monastery several wagon loads of the
country people drove up and were cor-
dially received and refreshed with bread,
butter and water or milk, with no hint to
them of recompense. I asked the brother
if the monks ever read newspapers. He
assured me that they did not, and that
they knew and cared nothing for what
was going on in the world except what
the abbot chose to tell them. I doubt if
there is any other place in the world
where one can see as well what the great
monastic establishments of western Eu-
rope were before their decline."

DEATH OF FATHER CLUNE.

Rev. John Clune, P.P., Killard and Doon-
beg, has died at his residence, Baltard
House, Kilmuck, aged about 70. To his
labors is due the erection of churches and
schools in the district.

A NEW CHURCH.

The ceremony of laying the foundation
stone of a new Catholic church for the
parish of Anghrim, in the county Wick-
low, was performed on July 22 in the
presence of a very large number of par-
ishioners and of people from the sur-
rounding parishes by his Grace the Most
Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin.
The designs for the building, which will
probably cost about £3,500, have been
drawn by Mr. William Hague, F.R.I.A.L.,
Dublin, and the site, which is just outside
the little village of Anghrim, is one of the
most convenient and beautiful to be found
in this charming and picturesque locality.

THE SISTERS OF ST. LOUIS.

In the announcement of the opening of
the new convent by the Sisters of St. Louis
at Carrickmacross, it was stated that the
convent was about being transferred from
Monaghan to that town; but this is not so,
as it is the boarding school which is being
transferred to Essex castle.

TWENTY YEARS ABSENCE.

The Rev. David, P.P., Toronto, paid a
visit to his native place Geagh, county
Sligo, a few days ago, after an absence of
twenty years. He will remain in Ireland
about six weeks.

ILLNESS OF BISHOP LEAHY.

The Venerable Bishop of Down, the
dogen of the Irish episcopate, was last
week again prostrated by a sudden attack,
but has since rallied, though still, as only
natural at his very advanced age, very
weak. He will have completed his 88th
year on Friday, July 25, having been born
in Cork in 1802. He was consecrated
coadjutor to the late Bishop Blake in 1854,
and has consequently worn the mitre for
thirty six years.

FROM ROME.

THE POPE'S DRIVE AND THE PRESS MYTHS.

Throughout the foreign press of Eu-
rope, misled by the Liberal press here and
the usual unreliable Roman correspon-
dents, there has appeared the most extra-
ordinary and ridiculous constructions about the
Pope driving out of the Vatican through Italian
territory and receiving royal honors from
the Italian guards, some saying that he
went out of Rome and drove off to a sea-
side place—without mentioning the name
—and others that he went outside the city
to the studio of the sculptor, Aureli, to
view the splendid work just finished, the
statue of St. Thomas of Aquino; others
again draw the long bow less vigorously,
and say he only went some three hundred
yards or so along the road as a protest
against the intrinsically party of the
sacred college of cardinals, by whom he
was until now kept a prisoner in the Vati-

can; while the so called liberal press here
express their feigned surprise that nothing
is remarked about the matter by the
clerical organs. Now the fact of the mat-
ter is that the Holy Father has done nothing
extraordinary, and did not by any
means go outside the limits of the Vati-
can. Having inspected the statue of St.
Thomas of Aquino, in the studio of the
sculptor, Signor Chevalier Aureli, in going
out the Holy Father simply gave orders
to drive to the Vatican Gardens. As the
carriage was a couple of steps only from
the gate which leads by the shortest way,
it thus passed in front of the gate, so-
called, of the mint. This does not mean
in the least that the papal carriage went
outside the Vatican territory for on in-
stant, as it is easy to see from the fact that
this gate, within the precincts of which it
passed, is closed every night and opened
again by the Swiss Guards, and the Italian
sentinel is obliged to gain access to the
mint by a small staircase outside the above
mentioned gate.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is understood that the Very Rev. E.
A. Higgins, S.J., for the past three years
rector of St. Ignatius College, has been re-
appointed to fill the position for another
term.

Work has been commenced on the new
church corner of Wabash avenue and
Forty-first street.

The Rev. Father Kennedy, a former
pastor of the Jesuit Church, has been
assigned to his former duties there.

The Rev. Father Pahlis, S.J., for many
years the procurator of St. Ignatius Col-
lege, has been assigned to St. Louis Un-
iversity.

Mr. Frank G. Rohner, of Kalamazoo,
formerly organist of the Jesuit church
here, is spending his vacation in the city
visiting his many friends.

Pathetic and Poetic.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. John
P. Sutton have no doubt felt the burden of
their grief and sorrow at the recent loss of
their boy. Antelope Camp, No. 916,
M.W.A., at its last session directed the
clerk to prepare some suitable expression
of condolence towards their stricken
neighbor and to publish it in the daily
papers and send a copy to the parents.
The following beautiful lines were accord-
ingly prepared:

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 1.—*Mr. and Mrs.*
John P. Sutton, Dear Neighbors: Your
neighbors and friends in Antelope Camp,
No. 916, M.W.A., desire to extend to you
their sympathy evoked by the sad bereave-
ment and protracted illness of your fam-
ily which it has been your lot to sustain.
Consolatory thoughts rise spontaneously
from our hearts, but as they seek expres-
sion falter upon the threshold of our lips.
Time alone can bring the assuagement
and succor of sorrow when thy over-
whelming burst of grief is calmed into the
gentle tear of recollection, thy sudden
anguish softened away into pensive medi-
tation of all that thy beloved was in the days
of his lowliness.

"My Lord has need of these flowers gay,"
The reaper said and smiled,
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where once he was a child."

J.F. GODFREY, Clerk.
On behalf of Antelope Camp, No. 916,
M.W.A.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

The final tie of the Dublin hurling
championship was played at Clontarf
park. The contesting teams were the
Charles J. Kickhams and Erin's Pride,
both of which had shown very brilliant
form in the earlier ties of the champion-
ships. Kickhams, 5 goals and 6 points;
Erin's Pride, 2 points; referee, T. Power;
umpires, P.V. Muldowney and W. Rob-
erts.

The American handballers arrived in
Queenstown on July 20. They were met
by delegates from the Cork and Midleton
Handball Club, and proceeded to Midle-
ton. They intend playing single and
double matches in the principal cities and
towns in Ireland.

The final tie between the Limerick
Commercial and St. Patrick's teams was
played off on Sunday week at Croom.
After a severe contest St. Patrick's men
were declared the winners, with a score
of 1 goal and 1 point to 2 points for the
Commercial.

The final tie for the hurling champion-
ship of the county Kilkenny was played
at Kells between the Callan and Bennets-
bridge hurling teams. Both teams have
won a reputation as efficient wielders of
the caman, and much interest was taken
in the match. The "Bridge" men were
declared the victors by 1 goal and 4 points
to 1 point for Callan. Referee R. Mahony
gave satisfaction to both sides.

Handball has got a great stimulus in the
South of Ireland. The arrival of the
American champions excited a new, and
we hope, lasting interest in the game. A
series of matches between the American
visitors

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LIMERICK.

SUBSANTARY OFFICER.

A first cousin of Professor Tyndall's has been appointed sub-santary officer for the Bagnalstown division of the Carlow Union at a salary of £15 a year.

DEATH OF A MURDERER.

A Drogheda correspondent states that a man named Luke Reilly, residing at Beaumont, was found dead recently. The deceased was a bachelor and lived alone. He used to wander through the country where he was unknown, and was convicted and sent to prison nine different times for begging. At his death £13 in bank notes were found in his vest pocket, and in his box a deposit receipt for £2,000.

A NEW THEATRE.

Negotiations are on foot for the construction of a new theatre in Dublin on the ground in Great Brunswick street on which it was originally intended to erect the theatre for which Mr. Dillon obtained a patent some time ago.

GUINNESS STOUT.

Another great Dublin firm is being converted into a limited liability company, that of Messrs. Edward and John Burke, of Dublin, Liverpool, New York, Melbourne and Sydney, who are the greatest shippers of Guinness stout in the world.

PRESENTATION.

Surgeon Parke has presented to the Dublin Science and Art Museum an interesting gift in the form of seven arrows collected by him among the dwarf tribes in Central Africa.

THE LATE MR. FINE.

An application for the administration of the property of the late Mr. Fine, M.P., has been adjourned to November, to permit advertisements to issue and exhaust all means to ascertain if his death were a certainty.

EVICTIONS.

Evictions took place on the Masserene estate recently. Practically no resistance was offered. The following were dispossessed: Messrs. James Conney, Knockmonah; Patrick Stanley, Whitehouse; Patrick McEvoy, Greenlake; James McKenna, Lawlown; Patrick Connell, Greenlake. A force of police was present.

KILLED BY A DERRICK.

A derrick fell on a coalporter named Thomas Toner on board a steamer belonging to Messrs. S. Brown and Co., discharging at Dundalk quays recently. He died soon afterwards.

WEXFORD ASSIZES.

Mr. Justice O'Brien opened the Wexford assizes. He knew very well that the information casually collected by persons who were in his position upon entering a county was sometimes very much qualified and affected by personal predilections and views, and for these reasons he felt constrained to say that he did not possess information sufficiently definite to be able to express an opinion concerning the actual condition of the county Wexford. Still he said he arrived at the conclusion that the county is not in a satisfactory condition, and hinted that the population is not disposed towards peace or tranquility.

MUNSTER.

HEAVY SENTENCE AT CASHEL.

At Cashel, Patrick Walsh, publican, farmer, etc., was charged with assaulting Constable John Mullane, of Cashel, while the police were attempting to disperse the meeting at which Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were present, at Boherlahan on May 27. Evidence for the defense was given, which went to show that the case must be one of mistaken identity; but the bench sentenced Mr. Walsh to two months' hard labor. Notice of appeal was given. Mr. Walsh was admitted to bail.

SHEEP DISCOVERY NEAR ROSCREA.

The body of Denis Cahan, a harness-maker, from Thurles, has been found at Frankford, near Dunkerrin, Roscrea. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition and had been partly eaten by dogs. Coroner Corcoran held an inquest on the remains, when the jury returned an open verdict.

FISHERY PROSECUTION.

At the Knock petty sessions Mr. Simon McAuliffe, a large water owner and member of the Board of Fishery Commissioners, was prosecuted at the suit of the Secretary of the Board of Conservators, for having illegally fished a salmon weir at Colmanstown West. The magistrate imposed a fine of £20 and cost.

THE MANDEVILLE MEMORIAL.

A special meeting of the John Mandeville and the Limerick, Shinnick, and Casey National Memorial was held in the Town Hall, Mitchelstown. There were present—Messrs. J. G. Skinner (in the chair), Maurice O'Sullivan, local treasurer; William P. Roche, John Lynch, William Herr and William J. Casey. The chairman said that foreign countries, from which they expected little, were now taking up the memorial movement, and more warmly than the people at home. The secretary, Mr. William J. Casey, said that since last meeting he had received communications from Boston and San Francisco stating that Irishmen of those cities had opened a fund to honor the memory of the Mitchelstown martyrs, and that a considerable sum to the memorial might be expected. It was stated that £3,000, reported some months ago by the London Press to have been voted by the executive of the Irish National League of America to the Memorial Fund, had not been received, and the secretary was directed to

write again to the treasurer of the Irish National League of America on the subject.

RAID FOR ARMS IN CLARE.

It is reported that while a herdsman named Normoyle, in the employment of Mrs. Barry, of Dublin, was returning to his house at Brins, he was encountered by two men with revolvers, who demanded his gun. He refused, and a severe struggle took place. The gun was finally given upon the advice of Mrs. Normoyle.

WATER SUPPLY.

Mr. Joseph Abbot, Local Government Board Arbitrator, held an inquiry at Limerick into the proposed scheme for providing an additional water supply for Cappoquin. The evidence was mainly taken up with the amount of compensation to be awarded Major Chearnley in connection with works through his land. The arbitrator promised to expedite his award.

ACCIDENT TO A STEAMER.

The steamship Vandeleur, which trades between Limerick and Killybeg, broke her main shaft at Beigh Castle, down the river. The mishap caused great inconvenience to the passengers.

LIMERICK DWELLINGS COMPANY.

The Limerick Artisans' Dwellings Company, which was promoted at Limerick by the Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. O'Dwyer, to provide comfortable homes for the working classes, have realized profits on the last year enabling them to pay a dividend of four per cent. on the ordinary capital of the company.

SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS.

Patrick Griffin was tried before Mr. Justice Holmes, at Tralee, on the charge of killing Patrick Fitzgerald on June 16 last. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

KINVARA MEETING.

A race meeting under local rules was held at Kinvara, county Clare. The weather was fine and the attendance large. A special word of praise is due to the committee of management for the excellent manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

LIMERICK ASSIZES.

Denis Conroy pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging him with the manslaughter of David Roche, near Killybeg, county Limerick, on May 25. The evidence for the prosecution was that while returning from a hurling match the men quarrelled, and that Conroy dealt Roche a blow of the hurley, from the effects of which he died. Evidence in support of an alibi was given. The jury were unable to agree, and were discharged. The prisoner was put back.

CASHEL NOTES.

Removables Considine and Warring dismissed the case of Constable Ryan against Daniel Brien for alleged obstruction.

On a similar charge of Constable Mullane against Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Ballydine, two months were imposed and an appeal lodged.

The cricket club expelled a member, Denis Hennessy, for supplying a car which conveyed Removables to Gool's Cross.

GAUGE OF IRISH RAILWAYS.

The gauge of the Irish railways, i.e., the shortest distance between the inside edges of the upper surfaces of the rails, is 5 feet 3 inches. The English railway gauge is only 4 feet 8½ inches. So that the Irish carriages are wider than those used in Great Britain. The only portions of the world where the rolling stock of the Irish lines could be used, unaltered, are New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia, where the spaces between the rails correspond with those of Ireland.

CARRICKBEG PETTY SESSIONS.

At the Carrickbeg petty sessions recently District Inspector Penrose prosecuted Michael Weston, Carrowleigh, on the charge of shouting "Whooop, Tallyho!" at the police at Carrowleigh Cross on July 6, so as to put them in peril and raise discontent in the minds of the people. He was discharged.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the Limerick John Stifford presiding, a resolution was passed sympathizing with Mr. John Dillon, M.P., on the virulent attack made upon him by the Bishop of Limerick.

A costly rosary has been forwarded to Mrs. William O'Brien by the children of the Presentation Convent, Cashel.

CONTRACT.

MR. F. W. NALLY.

In the house of commons Col. Nolan called attention to the case of Mr. Patrick Nally, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. He urged that Mr. Nally be released. Mr. Sheehy supported the demand of Col. Nolan. The chief secretary assured the two honorable members that if the case of Mr. Nally had been thoroughly examined by the lord lieutenant, it would be now. Mr. Sexton said he also wished to call attention to the case of Mr. Nally, of Mayo, who had been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and whose term of imprisonment had now expired. The extraordinary period of ten months occurred between Mr. Nally's arrest and conviction. He was kept in custody all that time, and if those ten months were allowed to him his period of imprisonment would now be practically at an end. Mr. Nally, he was sure, would be the last man to make any appeal to that house, but his father was an aged man and in failing health, and as life could not be much longer it would be a clement and graceful act if the government now ordered his release. The chief secretary said the matter would be carefully considered.

REBUILDING.

The extensive premises of Mr. P. J. Malone, draper, Bridge street, Ballina, which were burned down a few months ago, are being rebuilt on an improved scale. The premises are now the property of Mr. Malone, who has purchased them from the bank.

MAYO ASSIZES.

At the Mayo assizes Patrick Leonard, Thomas Leonard, and Arthur Mills were indicted for an assault on a boy named James Macbrue on May 11, near Cross-

molina. The jury acquitted Patrick Leonard and Arthur Mills. The other prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Two constables, Denis Murphy and Bernard Quinn, were placed in the dock charged with assaulting John Walsh, near Castlebar, on March 26. Quinn was acquitted, and Murphy was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

In the Castlebar post-office embezzlement case one of the prisoners, William Kelly, pleaded guilty, and Malachy Hoare not guilty. Sentence on Kelly was deferred.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTY GALWAY.

Judge Harrison opened the commission at Galway yesterday, and, addressing the grand jury, said the condition of the greater part of the county was eminently satisfactory, but in the eastern district he was sorry to say it was very far different. The state of things was such that why the people put up with it was a mystery to him. He did not refer to the people in authority, but the people themselves who were the real sufferers. Why they did not rise up and use Lynch law was a matter that astonished him. It would be a happy day when they did, and put an end to this abominable state of things that prevailed throughout this portion of Galway. Of course when they got home rule it would be otherwise. Dublin was so near that the disturbance would be more accurately known and more easily dealt with.

DEATHS.

With extreme sorrow the death is announced of Miss Gretta Conlon, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Conlon, P.L.G., of Carrick on Shannon, which sad event occurred on Monday, July 14. Only a fortnight previously Miss Gretta Veronica, the second eldest daughter of Mr. Conlon, aged 19 years, was borne to her grave, the victim of typhus fever, which fell disease proved fatal also in the case of her eldest sister. It appears that Dr. Conlon, who is medical officer of Ballyfarnon dispensary district, had contracted the fever in the discharge of his duty. Unfortunately his mother, anxious to nurse him, and having no suspicion of the malignant character of the disease, had him removed to the family residence, in Carrick on Shannon. After a tedious struggle with the disease, Dr. Conlon recovered, but the contagion proved fatal in the case of his two sisters, as well as in those of a shop assistant and a baker in his father's employment.

SEIZURE OF "MOUNTAIN DEW."

On the morning of July 14 Mr. Hewson, of the inland revenue, Manorbhamilton, and a posse of police, proceeded to a spot in the neighborhood of Glencar, where it was suspected a large proportion of the "mountain dew" consumed in the district was produced. The search commenced at the unearthing hour of 3 a.m., under a pelting rain, and resulted in the discovery, in a cleft of a rock, cunningly concealed, of a large quantity of illicit wash. The lowest estimate fixes the quantity seized at sixty gallons. No arrests were effected, although it was evident that the work of distillation had been in full blast immediately preceding the visit of the unwelcome intruders.

ULSTER.

BELFAST FREE ART GALLERY.

The art gallery in connection with the Free Library was formally opened to the public by Sir David Taylor, chairman of the library committee.

A WET ANNIVERSARY.

All things considered "the 13th, 1890," was a quiet, not to say humdrum, anniversary. The rain evidently had its effect on the spirits of the Orangemen, and most of the orators filled up the gaps in their speeches with defiance of the elements. One gentleman at Castleblayney expressed his opinion that "neither rain nor bullets could turn the men of Monaghan."

COUNTY DOWN ASSIZES.

At the county Down assizes recently held in Downpatrick, Hugh Myles and David Rush were indicted for having on April 7 last feloniously broken and entered the dwelling house of Archibald Scott and stolen therefrom a number of articles. Rush was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and Myles to five years' penal servitude.

The grand jury awarded John Graham £500 as compensation for six destroyed by the malicious burning of certain houses and buildings situate in the barony of Lower Iveagh, and £500 was awarded to Joseph McCorry, the landlord of the premises.

Constable David Greer, of Castledewell, applied for £250 compensation for having been stabbed in the leg by a man arrested for attacking the police barracks. Eight grand jurors voted for £50, but as eleven voted for £100, that amount was granted, to be levied of the county at large.

By sixteen votes to four a guarantee on the county at large was given to Downpatrick, Killough & Ardglas Light Railway.

SHOCKING CRUELTY.

A special court was held recently at Newtownards, for the purpose of hearing a case against a farmer named Lowers and his wife, of Drumahewy, near Newtownards, for cruelly using a servant girl named Jane Nelson, 13 years of age, whom they had hired out of the Newtownards union. Evidence was given that Mrs. Lowers beat the girl with the handle of a spade, and kicked her and threw her into a drain about six feet deep, two or three times. The prisoners were remanded to Belfast jail for eight days, the bench refusing to admit them to bail.

DONESAL ASSIZES.

Justice Murphy, accompanied by the high sheriff, entered the crown court in Lifford, took his seat, and proceeded to open the business of the assizes. John McCann, a tramp, was put forward charged upon four counts with having fired at one Bridget Gallagher, at Binnane, on the 11th of June last, and causing her actual bodily harm. The prisoner, who was unrepresented, pleaded guilty to unlawfully wounding with intent to maim, and was sentenced to penal servitude for fifteen years.

Daniel McCormick was then put forward, and was charged with wilfully killing his son, John McCormick, in Donesal, on June 7. The jury, by direction of the judge, found the prisoner guilty of murder while insane.

FAIR WATCH HILL.

Eleanor Kirk, from the Rhode Island Shore, sings "the Slow Song of the Sea."

Beauties of Nature Described by Her Poetic Pen—Bellamy, Carlyle, Justice McCarthy—The French Revolution.

NOYES' BEACH, R. I., Aug. 4.—"Way off on the waste of waters a great steamboat is making its daily trip from Watch Hill to Block Island. The surf is mighty today, and the white caps hide the name of the steamer even from the strongest glass backed by the keenest eyesight. My outlook is from the extreme southern coast of Rhode Island, and my seat at this moment is an arm chair scooped out of the sand with a convenient rock for back and head. There is nothing between me and the apparent horizon but "the everlasting sea," and not a human being within speaking distance. The gulls seem friendly, and a duck out on the crest of a breaker squawks as if it needed mothering, but it will probably get a gun instead.

This is one of the radiant days, a day when distant objects stand out with startling distinctness, and miles change into rods and rods into feet. The natives tell us that this is a sure indication of a storm, but the sky is baby blue in color and as innocent of clouds as the baby of gulls. As I glance along the coast at my right over the great ledge—"Gulls Ricks" by name—and on, over the stretch of splendid beach, backed by graduated and sculptured sand dunes, crowned with green grass, to Watch Hill, it is hard to believe that it is more than a mile from my arm chair in the sand to the great hotels of one of the most popular summer resorts on the Atlantic coast. But Watch Hill is six miles away. Immediately after breakfast a party of ladies and gentlemen took advantage of the low tide to walk to "The Hill." This can be done in about an hour and three quarters, leaving a long day to be spent where the fashionable most do congregate. It was a pleasure to watch the party set out. Fashion is so much more humane and sensible than ever before. There was not a heavy dress nor a skirt that touched the ground. Most of the girls wore the knitted or light weight suits, than which there is nothing prettier or more healthful. The different colored tunics and the charming touches so becoming to all faces and especially to the fresh and piquant, make a pretty sight. Just at this point I feel compelled to point a moral. A very serious accident occurred here a few days ago by a young lady's neglecting to sew the braid on the bottom of her skirt with strong stitches. She caught her toe in the rip and fell on her knees. She will not be able to walk for weeks. I think a needle and strong thread are much safer for this purpose than a sewing machine, unless the latter is conscientiously operated. The stitches should be very close together and the braid, which should always be Goff's—because it is the only kind that will stand the stress of the sea shore and mountain wear—should be dipped in cold water and dried before using. I have seen many unfortunate results from carelessly sewed braid, and I beg my readers to be on their guard.

"No one within speaking distance," I wrote a few moments ago. The scene has changed. By a little effort I could now raise my voice sufficiently to reach the ears of Mr. Edward Bellamy, who stands on a rock a few rods to my right, looking forward quite like other men. He is evidently absorbed in the beauty of the morning, and his whole attitude bespeaks a devout thankfulness that he has at last reached a spot where nationalism and reform clubs are unknown. I simply say that Mr. Bellamy looks as if he were glad to be rid of serious subjects. He has certainly never told me so, and scribe though I am, I would throw my pen into the fire and bite my tongue till it bled before I would remind him of past responsibilities. It seems to me a awful responsibility to have to live up to a book like "Looking Backward," and I have no doubt that its author feels it most keenly. I am a thorough believer in inspiration when it comes to such work as this. The time had come for these ideas to be given to the world, and the great inspirer—whoever he may be—found in this earnest and studious man the right conditions for success. I can never be made to believe that a man would deliberately choose to construct a gridiron for himself which would last red hot to the day of his death. This is exactly what "Looking Backward" has done for its author. Sick or well, weary or disgusted, the issues must all be met. The thinkers and reformers which his theories have in their turn inspired, with their clubs and their schemes for "the greatest good of the greatest number," cannot be ignored. "Looking Backward" is the fountain head, and for the fountain to run dry would be a shame as well as a national calamity. But let us hope that the gridiron is shovelled one side for a few fleeting weeks. In selecting Noyes' Beach for a summering place, Mr. Bellamy was wise indeed. It is the most beautiful, the most quiet, and the most convenient spot on the Atlantic coast. A few years ago Hon. John A. Taylor, then corporation counsel for Brooklyn, aware of the unrivaled advantages of the southern point of "Little Rhody," bought a large tract of land, and has since been disposing of it to eligible customers for building purposes. Mr. Taylor determined that this should be a home in every respect, and he has been able to carry out his ideal plan.

There are many intelligent human beings who have never been able to read "Carlyle's French Revolution" with pleasure and profit. The style was too obscure and too jerky, and the reader's information in the minute matters of history was taken for granted by the author in a way that was exceedingly perplexing. Harper Brothers have just published one volume on this most pregnant and universally interesting subject by Justin McCarthy, M. P., which is certainly destined to meet a great want. I have not yet had time to finish the volume, but it is so fascinating that I lay it down with regret, and fly to it with delight. It is beautifully bound and it is not too large to take to the private rock on the beach or the nook in the mountains.

ELEANOR KIRK

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A HISTORICAL REVIEW.

This contribution to the history of the long struggle between the white man and the red man, upon that ever-narrowing strip between the civilization of the Atlantic coast and that of the Pacific coast gives the story of one of the most exciting and important of the campaigns in that not yet ended war. It is an account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, as told by a trained man of letters who was upon the ground, and who had the amplest facilities for gaining the information here set down.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING.

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of 'Astoria' and 'Captain Bonneville's Adventures.' It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. . . . It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitering party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Guard, they crept off unobserved, amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead, they thrust made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinburgh (Scottish) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[Irish World.]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[St. Louis Republic.]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narrative of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding. Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at \$3.50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at \$2.50 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[New York Times.]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[New York Herald.]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more detail, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[New York Independent.]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago Times, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

CAPT. BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[Bismarck Tribune.]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the Times correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraced General Miles' battle with Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull's last night, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TWO OR THREE.

There were only two or three of us
Who came to the place of prayer,
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care.
Since after our hymns of praise had risen
And our earnest prayers were said
The Master himself was present there
And gave us the living bread.
We knew his look in our leader's face,
So rapid and glad and free;
We felt his touch when our heads were bowed,
We heard his "Come to Me."
Nobody saw him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was his token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?
Each of us felt the load of sin
From the weary shoulder fall;
Each of us dropped the load of care,
And the grief that was like a pall;
And over our spirits a blessed calm
Swept in from the jasper sea,
And strength was ours for toil and strife
In the days that were thence to be.
It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer;
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge he gave—
Wherever his loved ones be—
To stand himself in the midst of them,
And be with them but two or three.
Alas! how soon the bitter rain
Of sorrow and pain grew so warm,
And not like the crash of a storm.
'Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
To feed us with living bread.
—Margaret E. Sangster in Congregationalist.

THE FORSYTH WILL CASE.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."
The speaker was a Texan alcalde of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie or the lush freedom of the woods.
"The senorita will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. Santa Jose! few women know as much."
The doctor gave his opinion decidedly and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of champagne, and watched the alcalde as he smoked and waited for the expected ayuntamiento, or jury.
In half an hour the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the alcalde, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then they spoke in monosyllables, and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnestness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.
After a lapse of five minutes the alcalde touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:
"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting, and send Tamar for Miss Mary."
"The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arbutus tree in the garden in close conversation, rose at Zip's message and sauntered slowly into the presence of the alcalde, who nodded rather stiffly to them and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers. Some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.
But every one's interest was aroused when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm, brown woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.
She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.
There was another pause. Then the alcalde laid down his cigar and said:
"Men!"
"Squire!"
"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"
David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very plausibly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Dr. Zavala, who had designs on their sister's hand, had left not only the homestead but \$30,000 in gold to Mary Forsyth, and that they claimed their share of the money.
The men listened gravely, with keen, sidelong glances. When he had finished one of them said:
"Very good, stranger. Now what do you mean by 'unduly influenced'?"
"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection in order to influence him in the making of his will."
"How much did old Forsyth leave Dr. Zavala?"
"He left him personally nothing, but—"
"Oh!"—the men nodded gravely at one another.
"But," said David angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary's having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."
The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.
"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Dr. Zavala?"
"Of course she is."
"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and \$10,000?"
"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are 300 acres of

the finest cotton land in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead she ought to give up the money."
"Mr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"
"My brother David has spoken for me."
Then there was a pause. The procurator stepped to the sideboard and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intendment.
"Dr. Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"
The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.
"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched his children grow to what they are. When the good mother left them Mary was 12 years old, David 10 and George 8. For her father and brothers Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women."
"Will you be plainer, doctor?"
"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and by night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their own servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, and made hats, also, which sold for much, and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."
"Alcalde, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David angrily.
"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"
There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes," for the doctor smiled graciously and went on:
"For her two brothers the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the northern states to school, and David was educated for a lawyer and George for an architect and builder. For eight years this father and sister worked together solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally and saved besides about \$10,000."
"But when the young men came back there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying sister and the log house on the Wachita prairie; so much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital and divide the \$10,000 between them."
"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie," said George.
"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the alcalde and the jury read it?"
The alcalde read the document and nodded to the jury.
"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said. "It is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."
"After this the father heard little from his sons. They married and forgot the self denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many years. The old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition and cared little for money it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land. Whatever he touched was fortunate."
"But as money came health went; he was sick and suffering and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, alcalde, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, senors, and the little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen."
"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal too great to be believed. As my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife? Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez?"
"One day as I sat reading by my friend's bed he said to me:
"Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and too true. We think it a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls."
"I said, 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'"
"But they don't, doctor," he said, "they don't, doctor; and the most that do are left by death, ill usage or misfortune to fight the world some time or other with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!"
"It's the way of the world, my friend," I said.
"I know. I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily or if I had died five years ago what would have become of Mary?"
"So, gentlemen, I said:
"Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you or written to you lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her at length leisure to love and rest."
"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, senors, very happy that I gave good advice, free, gratis, for nothing at all."
"So you did not profit at all by this will?"
"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. Santa Jose! I am well content."
"Miss Mary," said the alcalde, kindly, "have you anything to say?"
Mary raised her clear, gray eyes and

looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading. George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh she turned to the alcalde.
"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."
"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.
"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.
"Two thousand dollars," reassured David; and George added, "Bare value."
"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, alcalde?"
"Gentlemen, you hear? Have you any daughters?"
David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "going to find him out."
George said he had two daughters.
"Ask their names, alcalde."
"Mary and Nellie."
The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said:
"Alcalde, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the gift to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar bond for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and, beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."
David rose in a fury and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.
"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter?"
"Not at all, alcalde. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."
"And I," "And I," "And I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.
"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio court," cried David passionately.
"You'll think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help you rob your sister, sir?"
"I mean to say that that Mexican, Zavala, has robbed me. I shall call him to account."
The doctor laughed good naturedly, and answered:
"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides I marry me a wife next week." And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the alcalde's chair, and with a joke bade friend after friend "Good-by."
Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled strictly and carefully \$10,000 on each of her nieces, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her \$8,000.
"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct, and if I were a born farmer I could plant corn and cotton and turn them into gold; but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head man and put my money in cattle."
Just as she came to this decision Dr. Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door.
"Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move."
"What do you need, doctor?"
"Need? I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"
"Oh, doctor! doctor!"
"Fact. Heard of your father's death in Arizona and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."
Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head man, for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock man in the state, and within three months the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding.—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

Making It Real.

One secret of graphic description is the introduction of slight details which sound as if they were drawn directly from life. This was understood by a colored preacher who sought to bring before his audience the scene at the crossing of the Red sea.
"S'pose you're de children of Israel and B' Moses; Jarsey is de wilderness and F'es Moses; de promised land. Well, I brings you down to de ribber and waves my hand up toward Tacony, and de waters roll backward toward Philadelphy, and we all goes over widout gittin' wet."
"When de las' pickaninny gits over I waves my hand toward Philadelphy, and I waves my hand toward Tacony, and de water r-o-l-l-s back toward Tacony—and dere was fashin' for shade dere nex' mornin'!"—Youth's Companion.

A Mighty Close Safe.

Hiram Ricker, Sr., bought a new safe for the old house at Poland Spring. The man put it up, explained the combination and went away. Three weeks later I said, "How do you like your safe?"
"Like it!" said he. "Like it! It's a great safe. Sure thing against burglars! No use to fool with that safe! I put all my money in it the day the man went away, and there ain't one of us 'round there that's been able to open it since, and the money's still there. For a safe it's first class, but for a bank to draw on it's dryer than a contribution box."—Lewiston Journal.

Wanted It Changed.

Small Boy—There's one thing in the Bible sis says she'd like to change.
Minister—Impossible! What can it be, my young man?
Small Boy—Her age, sir.—Detroit Free Press.

TRAPPING MUSKRATS.

How the Fur Hunters in the Maryland Marshes Secure Their Prey.
A visit to a muskratting village, as the scattering cabins of the trappers along the borders of Fishing bay, Maryland, are called, will be a revelation to the stranger. The cabins are rude and have barely a habitable appearance. The occupants are squatters, and the materials of which their cabins are built have been appropriated from the nearest tract of timber land. The trappers and their families are a wild and tattered race of beings, but hardy and good natured. One peculiarity of a muskratting village is the large number of children that belong to each cabin.
Another feature of the community is a species of razor back hog that swells the population with its presence. This nondescript member of the porcine family has an important mission to perform in these settlements, and he performs it with a will. It is the making away with the hundreds of surplus muskrat carcasses that accumulate, although the flesh of the muskrat forms an important article of food with the trapper and his family. As for that, however, eaters of muskrat meat are not confined to the trapping villages of Fishing bay, for it is considered a great delicacy by many an epicure in that land of terrapin and canvas backs.
A remarkable thing about the razor back hogs of the muskrat region is that, though they devour untold pounds of muskrat meat every day, they never show the richness of their keeping by adding a single pound of flesh to their carnivorous bodies.
The muskrat builds its house so that, while it has a couple of stories high and dry on the ground, the entrance to it is always under water. This entrance is a long tunnel running from a point a foot or more below the water at low tide line to the ground floor of the house, which is always flooded. The muskrat's reason for having this subterranean entrance to his dwelling place is that thereby he has an exit or an entrance in time of danger that will not betray him to his enemies, either in his flight from home or in seeking refuge within its walls. But his instinct does not warn him against the trap his most cunning and persistent enemy places at this hidden entrance to his house, changing it from a way to safety into an avenue of certain death. This trap is a wooden box, three feet long and six inches in width and depth. In each end is a wire door, hung on hinges at the top. These doors rise at the slightest push on the outside, but will not open from the inside. The trap is sunk in the water to the mouth of the muskrat's tunnel and anchored there, and whether the muskrat is going out of his house or returning to it he is sure to walk into the trap. If he had time the captive rodent could gnaw his way out of the box, but before he can free himself he will drown. A whole family of muskrats may be taken in a single night in one of these traps, and as every trapper has out as many traps as he can attend to, the rat harvest which they reap every night is a rich one.
There are other ways by which the muskrat is pursued. In the daytime the hunters steal over the marshes and jab long handled spears with sharp, barbed times down through the roofs of the muskrat houses. Sometimes a spear will impale half a dozen rats as they lie cuddled together in their cozy nests. Hunters with guns skirt the marshes at night looking for muskrats with the aid of jack lamps, but that method of hunting is followed more to indulge the sporting inclination of the hunter than to reap profit. Times of extraordinary tides welcomed by the muskrat, for the rats are then forced from their houses, in spite of the infallible instinct they are alleged to possess in foreseeing such calamitous happenings, and guarding against them by building their houses higher. They are compelled to flee to the open country and seek places of safety, which they rarely find, for the trappers and hunters have no difficulty in locating them, and so they are given over to a wholesale slaughter.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Rare Formosa Stamps.

Philatelists will be interested in a certain passage of the last official report which is made by the British consul at Tamsui, in Formosa. It is to the effect that the supply of the so called Formosa stamps has come to an end, and that accordingly the value of current stamps must necessarily increase as time goes on. This Formosa stamp is so far a genuine stamp that it was originally produced for postal uses, but, as a matter of fact, the intention was never carried out, as it has been impossible to obtain specimens authenticated by a postmark. As philatelists would say, it has never been more than an "essay." However, these stamps were utilized as railway tickets on the Formosan government railway line, and as fast as used they were destroyed. The supply issued for this purpose has been exhausted. When the stamp was first " essayed " it brought as high as sixpence in London, and of late collectors have been paying \$2.50 for single specimens. Of course almost any price can be demanded and will be paid for one of these stamps. Certain Mauritius stamps are exceeding rare, and the stamps of the defunct German principalities are rapidly becoming scarce.—Engene Field in Chicago News.

Novelist William Black.

One who knows William Black, the novelist, says of him: "I think the best thing about Black is that success has not turned his head. He is still the courtly, pleasant gentleman that he was in the old days before novel writing had made him famous and given him an independent bank account. But he is no longer an ordinary man; he is courted by the big wigs, made much of by lords and ladies, and dines out so often that the wonder is he is not a confirmed dyspeptic. He likes Americans very much, has many warm friends among them, and is well informed about American literature."



A woman can bake and a woman can sew,
And woman with trouble can cope,
But she can't wash her clothes
to perfection she knows.

Without Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap.
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A Wedding in Egypt.

On the principal street we heard music in the distance, and coming nearer found that a wedding was in progress.
A matting was spread upon the ground, upon which the bride, a rather old and rather cross looking Nubian girl, sat. Her veil was the usual shawl, this time of white. Also upon the matting sat the musicians, two drummers playing upon a single instrument, a peculiarly long drum. A woman sat at one end of it, a man at the other, both beating together, using alternately the palm of the hand and a drumstick.
To this music a number of women in gay dresses were dancing, two at a time, taking turns in flourishing over the head of the seated bride a pole some six feet long. We stopped in the encircling crowd to see what was going on, and had stood there but two or three moments when one of the women who had been dancing suddenly threw herself headlong upon the matting, closed her eyes and seemed to go off in a kind of fit.
The other woman ran to her, fussed over her a little, and then drew back to await developments. Petitioning our dragoman to find out what this all meant, he said she had been drinking too much of the native wine, and he interpreted the woman whom he questioned about it as saying that she "have de debil in her." In a few moments she came out of the first unconscious condition and began wildly to clutch about her. The umbrella belonging to one of our party being conveniently near she seized upon it, and only with the dragoman's help was it torn away. We passed on, satisfied to assist no more in the festivities.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Manx Methods with Prisoners.

Two men named Peter Thornton and Thomas Smith were recently charged before the Liverpool stipendiary magistrate with having frequented the steamship Mona's Isle with intent to commit a felony. Detective Boyes stated that on Saturday he was a passenger on board the steamer from Liverpool to Douglas, and on arriving at his destination he noticed Thornton endeavoring to pick the pockets of several ladies, his companion acting as a shield to his movements. He took them into custody and gave them in charge of the Manx police. The prisoners were stripped of their money, watches and jewelry and then allowed to go.
They wandered about without means of sustenance until Monday, when they were sent over to Liverpool, and Boyes met them and removed them to prison. In reply to the magistrate the prisoners said that the Manx police authorities told them that they would not be detained if they delivered up their property. Detective Boyes said that there was no likelihood of the prisoners recovering their valuables, as the Manx police invariably held possession of things belonging to prisoners taken into their custody. Smith asked what proceedings they could take in order to recover their property. The magistrate told them they had better keep away from the island. The prisoners were then discharged.—London Times.

Families in Brooklyn.

I saw a surprised conductor the other day one of Deacon Richardson's open cross town cars. When the car stopped at a crossing a man boarded it with two children at one side of the car and a woman with two children at the other side. Each took the same bench facing the horses, with the four children between them. The conductor received from the man a five cent piece for one fare.
"Won't you pay a little more?" said the conductor, holding the nickel in his hand and looking at the children.
"Why should I pay any more?" said the man angrily; "the oldest child is not 8 years old."
"How old is your wife?" said the conductor, sarcastically.
"What's that your affair?" retorted the man.
"Oh, come, now, you can beat me on the kids, if you like," said the conductor, getting mad, "but you must pay for the old gal."
The man was about to make a hot rejoinder when the woman stopped the quarrel by saying, "These two children are with me; I don't know the man."
"Oh," said the conductor, accepting the woman's nickel. He was too much put out to ask if either of her children was not over 3 years of age.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Turkish Baths for Rheumatism.

It is now accepted that a Turkish bath is peculiarly unfriendly to rheumatism, and far ahead of any other remedial agency. One physician records over 3,000 cases treated by the means of these baths, and a cure was obtained in 95 per cent.

One cause of rheumatism lies in the waste material which accumulates in the bodies of its victims. The easiest way to expel this is through the skin and by sweating. Turkish baths, when rightly employed, can scarcely do harm. They sometimes debilitate, but it is only for the time being, the strength being almost always restored in a few hours.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Parade of the Royal Botanic Society.

The second parade of the Royal Botanic society in Regent park was a brilliant success. All kinds of vehicles wreathed in flowers formed a charming procession. The most original and striking device of the day was a dog cart draped in white, shaded by a huge umbrella, which gave the effect of an elephant's howdah as it appeared in the distance of the grounds. Near at hand this chariot was seen to be entwined with plaited straw and white marguerites.—Chicago Herald.

Hard to Please.

Clara—I don't like Charlie Feather-brayne.
Ethel—Why not?
Clara—He's too extravagant.
Ethel—Then I suppose you like Jack Harding. He's a regular miser.
Clara—No, I don't. He's not rich enough to be extravagant.—Munsey's Weekly.

He Laughed Too Soon.

A well dressed, ladylike looking woman entered a tramcar the other day with her little boy of about 6 years of age. On the conductor coming to collect the fares the lady handed her little son a half crown, he being nearer the door. The little fellow examined the coin carefully and then gave it to the conductor. Scarcely had the man returned the change than the youngster clapped his hands and looking at his mother exclaimed triumphantly:
"Mamma, mamma, he has taken the bad half crown!"—London Tid Bits.

Booming the Show.

"Where's that living skeleton?" asked Hayseed.
"Well, the fact is," said the showman confidentially, "he fell into the slot of that weighing machine this morning and we haven't got him out yet. If you'll come back to-morrow night I guess you can see him."—Chatter.

An Eye for Business.

Dr. Ford—May I ask why this refusal?
Miss Millions—Certainly, doctor! You know my sister married a lawyer, so if I expect to get any of papa's money I must marry a lawyer also.—Munsey's Weekly.

Take Your Choice.

Hardup—How much is this brown sugar?
Grocer—Ten cents a pound.
Hardup—Ten cents a pound! Well you've got a lot of sand.
Grocer—Oh, no, not in that. The kind I've got the sand in you can have for eight cents a pound.—Boston Times.

Her Mouth.

Marie Bashkirtseff's was a very pretty mouth, well shaped and expressive. The upper lip was thin, the lower lip full. It was not too small or too big, and showed plenty of character. It certainly was not spoiled by that famous kiss from Pietro, the cardinal's son, which she so violently regretted.—New York Sun.

A Dreadful Slip.

"Bounce the printer."
"Can't. We owe him money."
"Well, for heaven's sake! do something with him. He says the ladies all wore 'night gowns' at the Art League reception. I wrote 'white gowns'."—Epoch.

War and Yams.

War is a frightful thing under all circumstances, and some of the most dreadful wars have been waged on the most flimsy and foolish pretext, even if they had a pretext at all; but probably no stranger reason for war or peace was ever recorded than has been noted by a French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia.
This governor, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.
"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe."
"The yams, you say?"
"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."
"Why is that?"
"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives!"—Youth's Companion.

RALLY FOR IRELAND!!!

Stand By the Cause of Irish Liberty

AT THE

Fourteenth Annual Irish-American Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago,

To Be Held at

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Addresses will be delivered by HON. FRANCIS T. COLBY, President United Irish Societies; REV EDMUND HAYES, of Imogene, Ia.; HON. MAURICE F. WILBERE, of Philadelphia; HON. THOMAS BRENNAN, of Omaha; HON. M. P. BRADY, of Chicago. MR M. J. KEANE will preside at the afternoon meeting and MR JOHN F. FINERTY in the evening.

The First Battalion, Companies D, C, B and E, Hibernian Rifles, will escort the speakers to the grove. Music by PROF. O'CONNOR. In the evening there will be a Magnificent Display of Fireworks.

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LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE.

Oh, mourn, Erin, mourn!
He is lost, he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne,
Thy bravest heroes led.
The night winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe,
The raven flags his darkling wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe,
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen Roe!

Alas! hapless land,
It is ever thus with thee;
The eternal destinies withstand
Thy struggles to be free.
One after one thy champions fall
Thy valiant men lie low;
And now sleeps under shroud and pall
The gallant Owen Roe—
The worthiest warrior of them all—
The princely Owen Roe!

Where was sword, where was soul
Like to his below the skies?
Oh, many a century must roll
Ere such a chief shall rise.
I saw him in the battle's shock,
Tremendous was his blow—
As smites the sledge the anvil's block
His blade smote the foe:
He was a tower, a human rock,
Was mighty Owen Roe!

Woe to us! Guilt and wrong
Triumph; while, to our grief,
We raise the keel, the funeral song,
Above our fallen chief.
The proud usurper sways with power,
He rules in state and show;
While we lament our fallen tower,
Our leader, Owen Roe;

While we, like slaves, bow down and cower
And weep for Owen Roe.
But the high will of heaven
Be fulfilled evermore!
What though it leaveth us bereaved
And stricken to the core?
Amid our groans, amid our tears
We still must feel and know,
That we shall meet, in after years,
The valiant Owen Roe;
In after years, in brighter spheres,
The glorious Owen Roe.

At the county Antrim assizes held in
Belfast before Lord Justice Fitzgibbon,
Edward Bogan was put on trial for setting
fire to his dwelling house on the
Shankhill road on the 17th of March, with
intent to defraud. The premises had been
insured to the Hong Kong Insurance Co.
for £550, but no premium had been paid,
the policy of insurance not having been
completed, but the prisoner had obtained
a protection order from the society, which
secured him against the consequences of
a fire occurring on his premises. The jury
disagreed. The prisoner will be put on
trial again.

At mass in Armagh Cathedral the Rev.
H. McNeece denounced from the pulpit a
society which is seeking members in Ire-
land, and which he said was bound by
secret signs and passwords. Attempts
were being made to establish a branch at
Armagh, and the reverend gentleman
warned his hearers against having any-
thing to do with it.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of John and Patrick Dillon, who left
Ireland about 30 years ago; John was a
tailor by trade and worked in Ennistymon,
County Clare, Ireland; he left for England,
where he worked some years, then left England
for America some years previous, and who,
before leaving Ireland, stopped with his
uncle, Thomas Hogan, Ballyvaneen, Ennistymon;
when last heard of he was a merchant or
foreman tailor in some part of the United States.
Any information will be thankfully received by
PATRICK HOGAN, Ballyvaneen, Ennistymon,
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6-16 box Best Laundry Starch...25 cents

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Good Uncolored Japan, per lb.....25 cents
Good Formosa Oolong, per lb.....25 cents
Good English Breakfast, per lb.....25 cents
Good Moyane Gunpowder, per lb.....25 cents
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Fine Uncolored Japan, per lb.....35 cents
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Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb.....35 cents
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Potted Chickens.....15 cents
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2-lb cans Corned Beef.....17 cents
1-lb cans Salmon.....9 cents
1-lb cans Cove Oysters.....10 cents
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Fancy Mixed Pickles.....20 cents
Keller's Marmalade.....19 cents
Prepared Mustard.....5 cents

CRACKERS.

XXX Biscuits.....Per Lb.
XXX Butter.....5 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps.....9 cents
Honey Jumbles.....12 1/2 cents
Fruit Crackers.....12 1/2 cents
Cream Crackers.....10 cents

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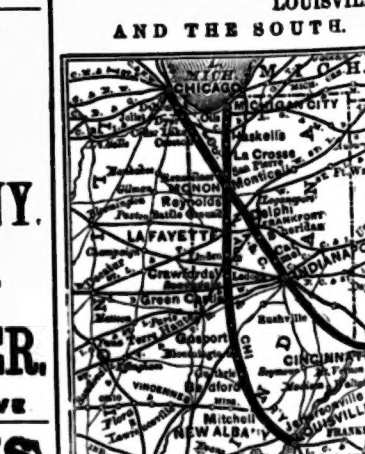
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